

rare handmade bible:
\$10,000.00

high falutin' fancy
catered dinner:
\$1,200.00

crappy website for
Oprah movie *Beloved*
\$60,000.00

getting you students all
up in a huff over bupkis:
priceless.

There are some things money can't buy.

For everything else, there's **The Omen** 0

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The Omen

Volume 14, Number 6
April 15, 2000

hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old_archive

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Cover By
Jacob Chabot

"I'm not productive enough to be the enemy of the school."

—Karl Moore

Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce (C-411, box 916)**. If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely nonpartisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

Last week, a bunch of you silly students organized a boycott of Saga, or as it is actually called, Sodexho-Marriott. This was done to protest Saga's alleged funding of private prisons and to show Hampshire that you didn't want your money going to a company that would do such a thing. You people just don't have a clue, do you?

First of all, as Doug Martin has already explained to you twice, Sodexho-Marriott does not have any ownership whatsoever in the prison industry, public or private. They are a food service company that operates in higher education, schools, corporate and health care markets. They are not taking the money that they make and investing it in prisons. If you had listened to him at the All Community Meeting, or the teach in, you would know this. It is Sodexho Alliance, a private company run by some guy in France named Pierre, that holds a minority shareholder position in the Corporate Corporation of America. They also own 48% of Sodexho-Marriott stock. They are not a parent company. Sodexho-Marriott is a totally separate company that is publicly traded. Anybody could own Sodexho-Marriott stock. You might even be able to buy some with your

Come aboard the Sodexhoooooo train!

parents' gold card. They can't be held responsible for what any of their stock holders does with the money that they might make off of the stock (In actuality, Sodexho Alliance is not making much money off of this educational food service stock, and is trying to get rid of it. Funny, huh?). There's even no way to track what Sodexho Alliance is doing with this money. They could be using it to buy baguettes or fill their gas tank with petrol for all we know. People are throwing around figures like "Sodexho-Marriott makes \$1.2 billion a year from college campuses," "They make \$4.5 billion a year in annual revenue," and making it seem like this money is going to fund private prisons. This money is before cost, before it is split up into many different pie pieces. Sodexho Alliance sees very little of this money through their stock, if any at all.

Plus, **have you forgotten all of the things that the Hampshire Sodexho-Marriott does?** Remember when you were fasting for the low income people at UMASS? Remember how if you signed up, Saga would give the money for the meals you missed to this cause? Remember how Saga paid for a Men of Saga

calendar, all profits of which went to an educational program for underprivileged children? Remember how Saga gave a bunch of money to a cancer program and passed out daffodils to the students? Remember how Saga gives all mod students free thirty dollars worth of meals? Even nationally, Sodexho-Marriott is involved with programs that fight hunger. They donate surplus food. In the Feed Our Future Program, they provide summer lunches to thousands of school children who depend on free or reduced price lunches during the school year. They have set up a foundation to provide money to many other hunger related causes.

You complain about the quality of the food, not that this has any bearing on the current issue. Do you actually think that any other food service would be better? Look at all the variety you have! Deli bar, salad bar, soups, wok bar, ice cream and soft serve, waffle bar, fresh fruit, cereals, bagels, pizza, and these are just the things that are available most of the time! You have hot meals that include vegetarian and vegan options! Every once in a while they may have a meal

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THE LAST ADVENTURE OF SURLY BOY



by Jacob Chabot

Jacob Chabot..... or Frank Costella??

THE ROOM CHOOSING PROCESS for FALL 2000

or, How Housing Happens at Hampshire

by Wade Stuckwisch

The following is a revised version of the housing guidelines already distributed to students earlier this semester, altered as a response to special student housing demands. Please note changes and act accordingly.

Mod Input: All mods will go up for lottery in Fall of 2000, in order to accommodate the following changes in housing standards. Also starting this fall, mod input will vary by housing area.

- Prescott:** Instead of the standard lottery, admission into the Prescott mods will be determined by "Thunderdome." On mod lottery day, all those students wishing to live in Prescott will be gathered outside the Yurt. Candidates for Prescott mods will be admitted into the Yurt two at a time to engage in mortal combat and death sports, as a gathered crowd of mutants chant, "two go in, one comes out." Surviving combatants will then participate in a desert death race to determine who gets to live in the lofts.
- Enfield:** In fall of 2000 Enfield will officially switch over to a "gated community" standard. Residence in Enfield will be dependent on students' willingness to adhere to the strict community standards set forth by the new "Enfield Neighborhood Club." This committee will be headed by the new Enfield house chair, who will be the biggest rich-bitch anal retentive control freak available for the position. The Enfield house of-

fice will be moved to the Greenhouse mod, which will be converted into a palatial suburban estate worthy of *Better Homes and Gardens*. All Enfield residents will also be required to drive SUVs, preferably given to them by Mommy and Daddy (who also pay for gas).

- Greenwich:** Mods in Greenwich will be reserved for the students who spend the most time bitching to Linda Mollison about how much they need to live in the mods. Bribery will not qualify as bitching. Creative invention of allergies and/or physical or mental illnesses caused by SAGA or the dorms will earn credence, as will creative interpretation of the current Special Interest Housing standards (combined with a lot of general bitching). Candidates for Greenwich mods should be informed that **all Greenwich mods will be converted into two- to three-person mods, because, let's face it, the reason you're not in a mod already is because nobody wants to live with you.**
- Merrill:** Starting in Fall of 2000, the Merrill dorms will become mods. Long side halls will be considered nine person mods, short side halls will become six person mods, and lounges will become two or three person "studio" mods.

Double rooms will be converted into kitchenettes/common spaces. Life in the Merrill mods will not be too much different from life in the Merrill dorms—for example, Merrill dorm residents will still be required to be on the full meal plan. Students, of course, will have to supply their own common space furnishings and clean their own living spaces, just as in other mods. However, Merrill residents will no longer have to put up with the annoying stigma attached to living in the dorms.

Justus Township: The new Justus Township mods are designed with the needs of students who feel that they can no longer live under the oppression of mainstream society in mind. The Justus Township mods will be located in concrete bunkers buried in the pine forest. Justus Township residents will be allowed to declare themselves to no longer be part of Hampshire College and form their own community standards. Justus Township mods need not fear interference from the administration, Public Safety, or insensitive community members, as long as they do not leave their mods. Justus Township residents will need to pay their tuition, however, if they wish to use Hampshire's faculty, facilities and services. Plans to move the Women's Center to Justus Township are still under debate. Admission to the Justus

continued on next page

The Best Day of the Year

by Evan A. Baker

Ah, April first, how I love you. A year without April fools day would be like a jailed serial murderer without a crazy woman to exchange love letters with... And how did the five colleges celebrate this finest of all days? Why, with special joke versions of their regular papers!

While Smith and UMass did admirable jobs with their joke papers, the funniest by far had to be the issue of *The Forward* we got on April 1 (they even dated it March 31 to fool us further).

Let's start with the "Editors' Note" on page 2. First, we are presented with the absurd notion that the fine editors of this paper would ever be so juvenile as to sentence somebody to "burn in hell" just for hanging up some posters. And they even pretended to be so ignorant that they didn't realize "Hell" is

a proper name and should therefore be capitalized!

Then, in that same uproarious note, they went on to present someone's set of opinions as though they were the framework for a factual argument! **Perhaps they went a bit too far when they threw in that ever-meaning-less buzz-word, "paradigm."** But we'll forgive them for going a little overboard just once in the midst of such utter hilarity.

The "Letter From a Council Rep" could very well have passed for serious, but every once in a while we the reader got a big wink from the author when a particularly ludicrous statement was included. For example, take the mention of "punishing" The Omen should "further evidence of legally of-

fensive behavior" occur. I'm not exactly sure what "legally offensive behavior" means, but I think we can all rest assured that, at the moment, there is NO evidence of anybody involved in the Omen engaging in it. How could there be FURTHER evidence of something that there is currently no evidence of? Therein lies the joke.

Oh, and those Council minutes. Why, if our Community Council were so full of reactionary fools jumping to senseless conclusions, I'd transfer out of this school and never look back for fear of being turned to salt!

I could go on about the delightful proofreading errors, the presence of a two-column article consisting of a single, unbroken paragraph, and of course "The Red Flag," but frankly I grow bored with this assault. Like it or lick it,  kids.

continued from previous page

Township mods will be by squatter's rights and force of weapons.

Dorms: As noted above, the current Merrill dorms are being converted into mods, leaving Dakin as the only dormitory residence on campus. All students not admitted to the mods will be forced to live in the Dakin dorms and have to deal with the free furniture and TVs, increased socializing, prepared hot meals, services of the cleaning staff, and free toilet paper. Ha ha ha, ha ha. You poor suckers.

Special Interest Housing: Special Interest Housing standards

will remain in effect under the current standards, since as we all know, the best way to create diversity on this chickenshit lily-white campus is to hole up all the students of historically oppressed identities in their own mods, separate from the rest of the student body. However, special interest housing standards will be expanded in order to accommodate students who identify with groups historically oppressed specifically at Hampshire. Starting in Fall of 2000, applications will be available for living spaces in the Compassionate Conservatism mod, the Men Who Drink Bud And Watch Football mod, and the People Who Couldn't Give A Shit

About Postmodern Anything mod. A coed Greek Life mod will also permanently take over the former Prescott Tavern. Students who wish to create special interest housing which does not comply with the current standards are encouraged to examine the new Greenwich mod housing standards.

The Housing Advisory Committee hopes that these new standards will help please the varied needs of all members of the Hampshire Committee (especially the really loud-mouthed bitchy ones). Complaints about the new standards may be directed to Linda Mollison at her office between  the hours of 10 PM and 6 AM.

I Saw the Sign

by Gwynne Watkins

Additional Deviance by Christine Fernsebner Eslao, Michael Zole, and Gabriel McKee

Dear Student Body:
We are pleased to announce to the student body of Hampshire College that, for reasons having nothing whatsoever to do with money, the President is undergoing an important change in his carefully cultivated image. In an effort to avoid the type of "labeling" which Hampshire College so vigorously opposes, we feel it is in the college's best interest to remove the label "Gregory Prince" from our nomenclature. From now on, official documents shall refer to (him) by the following moniker below.

We believe that our new "non-categorical" President will reap great benefits for Hampshire College. Not that Hampshire College needs any great benefits, like money or anything. You don't need to worry about money; we never even think about it.

That's all.

Sincerely,
The Office of



Some of you may have been as perplexed as I was upon receiving this notice in your mailbox. I caught a glimpse of the message as it was falling from my hand into the Multicolored Paper bin, and was stunned. Could this be a joke? No, apparently. My first

tip-off was an e-mail from Community Council, entitled "Fascist Acts on Campus." The text went something like this:

Dear Students,

In case you were unaware of the recent events occurring on campus, Greg Prince has decided to change his name. He will now be known simply by a symbol, which has been printed on a letter in your mailbox. Many students feel that this is an unfair move on the part of the President, for a number of reasons. First and foremost, it is typical of Greg's totalitarian tendency to make significant changes in school policy without the consent of the student body. To change his name without informing students beforehand, let alone allowing them a say in the matter, goes against everything that Hampshire supposedly stands for. There will be an emergency All Community Meeting to talk about the President Formerly Known as Greg Prince, where we will discuss the implications of this decision, vow to change the system, and forget about it by next month. Hope to see you there.

And then I saw the posters.

You've probably noticed them; they feature the Greg symbol, pasted over a photograph of a naked woman, whose contours mirror that of the symbol. The words "Is THIS what our college stands for?" are

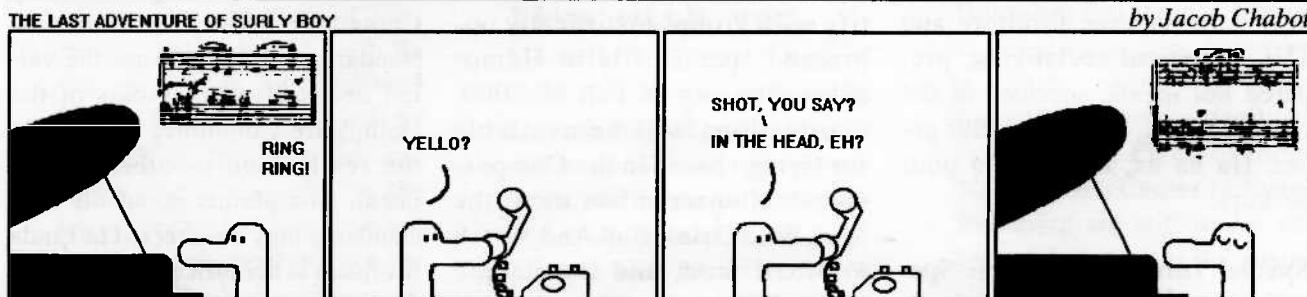
written in bold type at the bottom. Naturally, I was horrified; not until I saw this poster did I realize the misogynist implications of the Greg Prince symbol. My horror was reinforced by another poster, which featured the symbol, followed by the words "Still An Old White Guy." I began to wonder what The President Formerly Known as Greg Prince had been thinking.

So I trekked over to Monday breakfast and asked him. I pointed out the things I'd seen in the symbol—the dollar sign, the comb-over, the devil horns and angel's halo—and asked about the meaning behind them. But the Former Greg only sighed and said, "**Hampshire students will see in it what they want to see in it. It doesn't really matter what I say now, does it?**"

On my way out of Saga, I happened to glimpse the new *Omen* poster. It looked like the naked woman poster, except it had the Symbol overlaid with a collage of several different images, including a ukulele, Batman, the state of Ohio, and a bottle of Jolt. At the bottom, it said "Is THIS what our college stands for? Submit to *The Omen*."

And at that point, I decided to forget about the whole thing.

by Jacob Chabot



Thicker than Semen

by Benni Pierce

“The mob is coming after me. I got a threatening phone call today from some guy named Krazy Karl.”

“But why the mob?”

“Well, I just found out that my brother in Jersey fucked over one of the bosses’ kids hardcore. Now, he’s got a price on all of my family’s heads.”

“Dude, don’t worry. It was probably only a prank call. Hold on. I’m gonna go take a piss.”

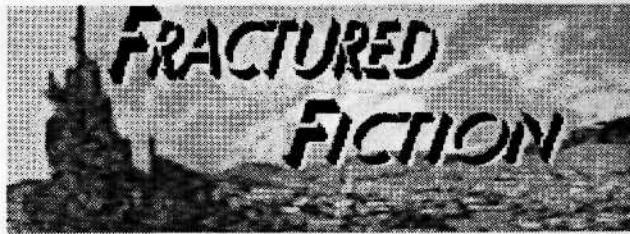
As I stepped up to the men’s room, I noticed a strange moaning sound coming from the ladies room. Every so often, as I stood frozen in my tracks, I heard a scream or a giggle. Finding it hard to resist, I slowly pushed open the ladies’ room door and peeked inside.

Only, when I did, I found my girlfriend in there being fucked up the ass by none other than Mr. Cheese himself—that huge, grey, fucking rat bastard.

No longer needing to pee, I stormed back to my table and sat there, in silence, surrounded by chattering people, noisy video games, and obnoxious cries for “help.”

I frantically turned to see Robert being chased by a rabid circus clown with a pick ax. It was lucky that Robert had had his left leg replaced with a cadaver’s after the accident, but the clown was gaining on him.

They were coming my way. I had no choice but to fucking kick the clown in the balls. And he went down like a ten story brick wall with a red rubber nose on.



“Dude!! Thanks a lot! Now do you believe the mob is after me?” Robert asked, trying to catch his breath.

“Yeah. Sure. What-ev. Let’s just get out of —”

“Sorry I took so long,” Ramona interrupted, walking up. She was glowing. She was so glowing. “But you know how long us ladies can take.”

“Yeah, I know how long you ladies can take, Ramona. You can take about a good four inches —anymore and you can’t take it.” She stared at me as if a deer in headlights.

“What are you talking about?”

“Fuck you Ramona! You want Chucky Cheese’s mousy dick in your ass—FINE! Just don’t leave me here to be lied to. I can’t fucking take it! SHIT.” I jumped up and stormed out. The small crowd of children and adults watched me as I did. **At the door, I turned to all of them and said, “What the fuck are you looking at?”**

Silence.

“Your mom.”

“What did you say?! I’ll fuckin’ fuck you up you mother—”

“Son?” I jumped up and spun around.

“Mom?”

“Yes son, it’s me. It’s your mother. I’ve come back to take you home. I’ve come to take you back to the asyl—I mean, the mental inst—I mean ... I’ve come to take

you back to your nice padded room.” This was a surprise to me since I had never been to an asylum, a mental institution, or locked in a padded room. But anything was better than this life.

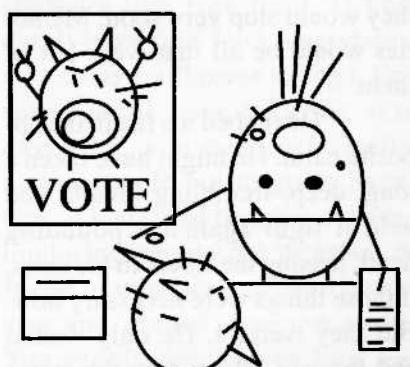
“Mama, I’m coming home.”

“Just put on your jacket, son, and I’ll tie you up in it—nice and tight.” She did just that, and bounded from head to toe, I waddled out to the van.

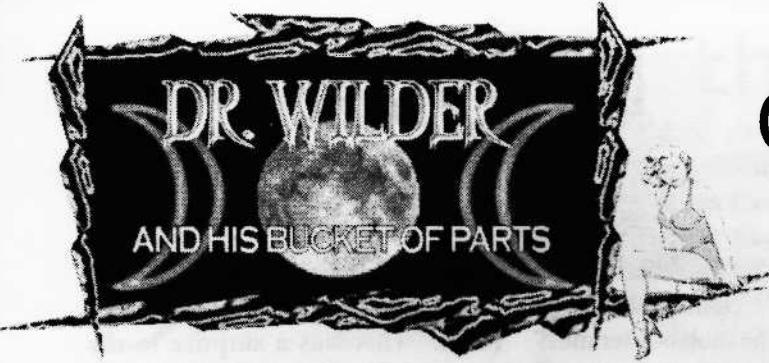
On second thought, maybe life could be nice. Maybe things could be finished, cut and dry, do or die. No more bothersome strings, no more reminders of my past problems. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord.

“Our top story today: It seems that you have finally realized that life maybe a nice thing when viewed in the right state of mind. Your girlfriend fucked a mouse, your best friend was almost killed by the mob, and the Dodgers won the world series. What more could you need to make you go to an asylum of your own making? Have a nice day, Benni. Case closed.”

Roll ending credits.
Flash single frames of naked women.



The Article Goblins Run for Community Council



Chapter One: A Storm

by J. Wilder Konschak

He was waiting in the shower when she came into the bathroom. He was sitting on the ledge, with the pink soap and the soft sponge. He straddled the tap, with his feet crossed in the drain. And he made no sound. And he reflected no light. And Amelia had no way of knowing that Simon was there.

She shrugged off her robe, was naked, laid her clothes on the sink. She looked into the mirror, and smiled with the far corner of her mouth, with her head dipped, with the far side of her hair hanging behind her face. She looked unreal to even herself, and she liked it that way.

But Simon didn't watch. Instead, his eyes closed, he listened to her little laugh. He listened to her quiet breathing. He listened carefully, because outside it rained loudly, constantly, as he memorized the sounds she made. Most of the days, all of the nights, he memorized them, to have them after they would stop. He savored them especially now, because if things went right, they would stop very soon. Memories would be all that were left of them.

He rubbed his fist in the opposite palm. He might have taken a long, deep, trembling breath, and held it tight against a pounding heart, tensing the fibers in his arms, if those things were necessary now. But they weren't. He only waited and listened, pleased by the storm and aroused by her presence. Simon

was steady.

Amelia pulled back the curtain, but she didn't scream. She was steady. Her eyes didn't focus on him. Still outside the shower, she reached through his legs, turned on the hot, and turned on the cold. Quick water rushed past his feet. She made it splash on her fingers as she adjusted the temperature.

Steam rose around them, and her smell filled the room. It was good.

Amelia put her hand between his thighs. She pulled up on the pin on the tap, pressure made it stand, and the shower began with a sputter. **The action thrilled him. He couldn't have expressed it himself. And it made him feel better about killing her. It made him feel more certain that this time he'd succeed.**

Amelia stepped into the shower with Simon. She closed the plastic curtain, sealing them in. She took the pink soap from beneath him, rubbed it into her opposite palm, washed herself with unconscious fluidity, washed herself as she always did. But as she did, she was struck by something odd in it. Pausing, she concentrated on that vague feeling that something was different.

If he had been watching,

Simon would have seen that she was disturbed. But Simon concentrated on the storm. He found, again, that when he concentrated enough, lightning split the sky, which then thundered and rolled together again. And he found that the roar of the shower covered the roars he made with nature. It was good.

So, uncommonly confident, he untangled his legs from the tap, and backed away from the ledge, into the wall. He thought more about the future he might create than about the difficulty and unlikeliness of what he was hoping to succeed, and he followed the pipes up from the showerhead, up through the arteries of the building, up into the battery of the storm. With the rain beating through him, star light and storm wind slashing though him, and making no sound at all, Simon again found the important place on the roof.

He thought into the wind, and it swooshed down and scooped up against the slope of the roof. The termite-brittled shingles tossed into the air, bearing no more resistance than autumn leaves. Exposed now, the old metal beneath scattered dull reflections into the storm.

Centering his awareness, Simon put his hands against the wet sheet of frail copper. He shuddered. It touched him, and was cold and wet. He touched it, and he could feel the uninterrupted line of metal, broken here and there only by small gaps, that reached its way down into the showerhead of Amelia

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Waverly's bath. The storm rained down from the clouds, onto Simon's solid hands, where they touched the cold metal. At the other end, water rained down from the cold metal, and touched Amelia's soft body. Simon felt himself connecting with the girl below.

And the spirit, manifest on the metal, called on the lightning to strike him.

Below, the girl washed her face, and then washed downward, with the same quick fluidity as a hundred times before. But her mind was far away, worrying there, as her hands washed over her shoulders and around her neck to the back.

Then, suddenly, she found that the soap was spinning in the drain, having slipped from her fingers, having slid down her body, having rebounded and buffeted and stopped in the stream. At her chest, her hands had stayed. They'd found

her pounding heart, and they lay there, cupped against her skin, feeling it drum away on its own.

Trembling, she removed her hands, and looked at them. She recognized immediately that they were like someone else's. The body they touched was hers, but the hands seemed far away, like a daydreaming mind.

She stood frozen. She looked up into the showerhead, and saw the cone of droplets rushing down around her face. Those hands were back against her heart, feeling it pound. Those hands were someone else's. She was standing outside of herself, as someone else, through those hands, touched her.

She hit the pin and stopped the water. She tore back the plastic curtain and stumbled from the shower. She leaned against the sink, leaving dark wet footprints on the white rug. She looked into the mirror, and her face didn't mean any-

thing. It didn't have anything to do with her. She was standing outside of her body, watching herself.

And for a second, she thought of Benedict Young. And it made her angry.

She left the bathroom. She trudged down the hall. She collapsed on her bed. It was cold in her room, and it was dark, except for an orange nightlight and some street lamps seeping through the windows. But she felt fine to be cold and blind.

Then, before she finished, there the first sighing breath; lightning exploded too nearby. After the lightning, the force of thunder crashed down and smacked against the earth, too loud to hear. But the first thought that could crawl free into her mind was that the nightlight was dead. She never noticed the streetlights were gone too. And she never noticed that her hands were hers again.

continued from page 3

where they don't serve anything you like, but overall it is pretty good! It's a cafeteria for the love of God! If you want to cook for yourselves, move to the mods! And most of the people that do move to the mods come back! Guess cooking for yourself isn't as cracked up as you thought it would be, eh?

The thing that pisses me, and several other Sodexho-Marriott employees, off the most is the part of your propaganda that says that Sodexho-Marriott employees are treated like crap. I am a Sodexho-Marriott employee and have been for four years. This has been one of the best jobs I have ever had. The people are friendly and accommodating. I'm one of the highest paid student workers on campus, making eight dollars an hour. Once

I became a manager, I got a free meal plan. Did you even bother talking to any employees here on campus to verify this? At the teach in, when one employee stood up to explain that he thinks he is treated quite well, he was ignored in order to focus on more negative aspects.

Saga employees received a touching little letter from you, stating how your grievances were not with them, only with organizations who's only connection to them was as their employer. Which is a pretty big connection, I might add. The last sentence is the one that got me the most. "We vow that in our efforts to find an alternative to Sodexho Marriot Services we will keep you in mind." Thanks. Do you realize you will have no influence in this matter whatsoever? If a new company comes

in (one that is pure and good and will only serve the most delectable foodstuffs, no doubt), they will most likely have their own staff. IF (and this is the mother of ifs) they do decide to keep on the old staff, they would most likely lose any benefits they have received from working for Sodexho-Marriott all these years.

The only thing your little boycott did was prove that college students like free food. If you didn't have free food, everybody would have still come to Saga. I'm sure you all came back the next day. Hell, you even practically forced people not to go in Saga. One of you stood begging outside, imploring people not to go in. A friend of mine was grabbed by his arm and almost dragged away. You people don't know how good you have it here.

COMMENTARY



by Michelle Beach

Author's Note: *In some ways I feel uncomfortable writing this article, because a lot may change between the time I write it and the time you read it. Also, those on the other side have not been given a chance to respond. However, many people have asked me to write the article and feel that students on campus should know what is going on and how their money is being spent.*

Way back in November, a student run escort (walking guard) was set under Community Council. Student regularly patrolled the campus in order to prevent rapes. Students walking escorts were also available, supplementing Public Safety's program. The Community Council Office became a hub of activity providing support of all kinds.

During this "rape crisis" four walkie talkies were rented by those involved to make their escort service and walking patrols safer. These were rented under the assumption that they would be paid for out of Council's income, which comes from the Student Activities Fee (SAF). Although members of the groups that approve the spending of the SAF (the Finance Committee and Community Council) were involved in this acquisition, neither of these groups was consulted directly.

These walkie talkies were used for about two weeks before Thanksgiving Break. Since then, they have been sitting unused and untouched in the Council Office (although I hear that they have recently relocated to the Tavern, though I'm not entirely sure why).

So let's do a little math, shall we? The walkie talkies cost \$35 each (or maybe it's per two) per week. They were rented about two weeks before Thanksgiving. That was about 22 weeks ago. So, if they were \$35 a piece then, $35 * 4 = \$140$ per week or $22 * 140 =$

\$3080 per 22 weeks. This is not including any late fees that may have incurred.

That's a whole lot of money to go to unused walkie talkies—almost a third of a \$10,000 Bible (and as far as I know, we aren't getting any donations to pay for them). I understand why they were rented and don't really want to argue about whether or not they were needed. But what I can't understand is why they weren't returned before (or even just after) Thanksgiving Break. The only explanation that I have received is that there was no way to get in touch with the company that they were rented from, that they were waiting for an invoice with a telephone number. This doesn't make sense to me. The walkie talkies were obtained from this place. How was this accomplished and couldn't the place be contacted in the same way regarding their return?

I have heard that some people are interested in purchasing them, that owning walkie talkies would be beneficial to the campus and a good use of SAF funds. When asked why, they cite COCA's big events. While I can understand that they might be useful, these big events occur twice a year and last less than a week. So assuming that the rental cost is the same for one or two days as it is for a week, it would take around 11 years for these to pay for themselves. Is that worth the investment? Also, a more recent argument is that they would be useful in the Tavern's upcoming plan to deliver pizzas. In this case, they would at least be used several times a week. But, honestly, are they really necessary? We live on a small campus, there are phones almost everywhere. What would they be used for that couldn't as

3,000 Dollar Walkie Talkies?

easily be done by picking up a phone? Do they really need a \$3000+ walkie talkie system?

Many people are interested in purchasing a decent sound system. This could be used for COCA's big events, HIP and Theater Board productions, dances in Saga, and even in the Tavern. Groups would no longer have to rent the equipment of Media Services. Because so many groups would benefit from a sound system and they would no longer have to pay Media Services' rental fees, the sound system would pay for itself relatively quickly. The \$3000 that needs to be paid for the rental of unused walkie talkies would go a long way towards the purchase of a sound system that would actually be used.

Chances are good that there is support for paying for the full cost of the walkie talkies out of the SAF money. Students pay \$158 every semester for student groups, student activities, and things students use. Community Council and Ficom are trusted to use the money appropriately, but it is up to the students to hold them accountable. I personally don't want to see my money used to pay for the 20+ weeks that they have gone unused. Even if the money doesn't go towards something cool like a sound system and student groups are spending all of their money on pizza, at least the money is being used for something. Unused walkie talkies are a waste of money and should not come out of the Student Activities Fee.

If you are interested in getting involved on either side of this issue, I suggest you attend the next Ficom meeting (Monday's at 7:30 in the Community Council Office) or the next Community Council meeting (Tuesday, April 18, probably in the FPH Faculty Lounge)



Flier, Activism and Stupid People

by Taquila "Keely" Flynn

Here's something worth posterizing—don't put goddamn fliers in my mailbox. Don't do it. It's a waste of paper and my day to walk the three paces to the recycle bin where it inevitably shall go. News Flash: Most of us don't care about any event happening anywhere. Ever. I am a card-carrying member of this party. If I *do* decide to participate in something, it's because I've actively searched for months or longer for such an event to fill a tiny niche in my life. Do not for a moment feel that you are somehow responsible for my awareness. In fact, I could go so far as to suggest that, with the advent of your new, brightly colored rectangles that advertise pointless shit, I will be deterred forever from your activity of choice.

I find mass-produced fliers annoying enough—being targeted by certain groups is much worse. Granted, I am a female. Does this somehow make me globally responsible for every person with the same chromosomes? Does this automatically ensure my participation in every activity concerning the female anatomy, naked chicks striking masculine poses, and seminars on growing up in a world meant to hold me down?

Button up your shirt, your bleeding heart's gonna fall out. Is this

the part where I apologize for not being oppressed? Raise your hand if you truly were/are/plan to be. I am so unashamed to admit that I have it pretty damn good. My middle class white family could afford to send me to a liberal arts school in a similar neighborhood, to study the arts with every other middle class girl in the country. There's nothing unusual about my field of study and no one is holding me down. Do you honestly expect me to drop everything to rally for something that isn't affecting me at this point in my life? Pardon the selfishness, but I believe the age between 18-23 is the time when it's okay to behave as such. I won't even attempt to step outside of my world until I have my shit sorted out. **Egotistic? Quite. Safer for everyone involved? Damn skippy.**

As for the SAGA protest and those who acted rather offended at people actually getting their six bucks a meal worth, all I'll say is how pointless the whole affair seemed. I commend the "community" for bonding together to collectively flip off The Man, but what did we really expect? Was anyone honestly hoping for more than stoned "students" standing in poorly-formed lines for hours, only to receive sparse, cold, potluck goodness? People, the majority of us

have already PAID Saga; this means that they have our money anyhow. What the hell do they care if we skip out on a meal or two? Paid-for food is just that; no one gives a damn if it's eaten or thrown away.

I do admire the few activists that I know, don't get me wrong. They've actually read *Newsweek*, and have been to a real protest—one that didn't take place on campus. The rest of them are causing my eyes to roll so far back in my head that they might stick that way. Sweet God of all that is good and holy, that would be unfortunate. I might miss something really funny.

Word of advice: if you're going to get in people's faces, challenging them to open their eyes to the dark, ugly truths around them, make sure you have a smidgeon of awareness as to what you're even martyring yourself for. Spare the rest of us your angst towards your rich parents who have already paid your entire way through life. You have nothing to prove, ever, and resent it. Why don't you leave the whole "changing the world" thing to someone else and stop giving it a bad name; try going to class on time, for starters. Maybe you could start by selling the Beemer and giving the money to Tibet. Or showering. You may actually contribute to making the world a tad sweeter.

Kumbayah.



by Jacob Chabot





ASK THE EVIL TWIN

HEALTH AND COMMUNITY
AT HAMPSHIRE

by Gareth Edel

Welcome back to this wonderful example of the journalistic endeavor, *The Omen*. I wonder what you are all going to do without me next year when I have graduated. Will you swallow up your curiosity and never ask questions again, or will you be just as interested in the asking as you are now? I wonder this because no one takes advantage of this column. I generously offer a response to any question and you don't use me. In the past I've had to go around nagging my friends for questions. This week all the questions you will read were genuine submissions, but now I regret my offer because, as you will see, they strike a little close to home.

As always if you want answers I will find them for you. E-mail me at gaeF95, write me notes to box 1419, or slip them under the door of B215, or even call me at 4306. I need excuses not to work on my Division III, so give me a hand.

Here begins the spectacle.

Dear Evil Twin,

Why do we get brain freeze and why don't we always get it? It only happens some of the time.

- Slurpees hurt me

Dear Slurpees,

I am sorry to say that you have found one area of my weakness, the physiology of brain freeze. If you had asked about the calcium relay system or the medical uses of Melatonin, or even the rates of twinning in the Yoruba of Nigeria, I could answer with confidence, but about Slurpees I am just guessing.

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There are two reasonable theories: one I found on the Internet, one of my own imaginative reasoning. The one from the Internet suggests that the nerves that run from the nose and mouth into the brain at the back of the head are sometimes more sensitive than others. When they are really sensitive, they allow cold food and drink to send a more serious shock up the nerve and that is brain freeze. My reasonable theory is that the cold can cause the air in your sinuses (the hollow space behind your nose) to contract when your sinuses are in certain conditions. Based on temperature, stuffed-upness, and other factors, the pressure change may cause the pain. My own non-reasonable theory is that **there are small elves living in your head and they get really pissed off when the Slurpee stains their toes.**

Now it only happens part of the time because sometimes the elves are not where their toes can get hit and so they don't mind. With this suggestion in mind, to avoid brain freeze, scream "watch out elves here it comes" as loud as you can before you buy and frequently while you drink the Slurpee. This pleases the elves. Remember though, elves have a hard time hearing what you are saying since they are swimming in snot, so yell really loud.

Dear Evil Twin,

Do you have a good twin? I don't really go for the bad boy thing, but I sure could use a date.

- Lonely in Greenwich

Brain Freeze

Dear Lonely,

What can I say? I am shocked. If you will admit your true identity to me I could really set you up with my twin brother Stephan (pronounced Stefunk) with the full conviction that you are not a psychopath. Unfortunately, I can't ask for your true identity and you used an off-campus e-mail, so I can't track down who you are. I don't even know whether you're male or female. That is what makes my joy grow at being able to say yes, I have a twin, Stephan. He is twice the goody two shoes I am, which is saying something, since I am a worrying little Care Bear myself. And I sort of hope you are crazy, as he is shy and will take pursuing (i.e. stalking), but he is a good guy, for all the shit I give him, and in good conscience I couldn't give out his extension and box number. It's too bad I am not worrying about a good conscience. His e-mail is sjef95, his box is 1432, and his extension is 5296. He needs a date, so please contact him. I told him an anonymous person was interested in a date so he is expecting a call. Be good.

Dear Evil Twin,

I feel real dumb for asking this, but do you know what happens when you get an AIDS test at Health Services? Do they keep your results in your permanent file? I'm a little sketched out by Health Services and I don't know what to do.

-Anonymously yours,
A floundering First-Year

Dear Floundering,

The first thing I want to say is this is not a dumb question. This

is a serious question I will try to give a serious answer and I hope my answer is helpful. I spoke to Health Services to find out the details and got a mixed answer.

They do keep the record of the test and the result and although you may find this unsettling, they are forbidden by law from giving out the information. Also, these records are not a part of the general medical records they keep. These documents are defined as "confidential" and are legally protected by a law specifically related to AIDS testing. The records are kept locked and are not even open to all the workers at Health Services. Your written authorization is needed to show anyone the document. So although the records do contain the result and your name, they are (I am assured) extremely private.

Now if you are still worried about this contact me. Either as part of another letter or personally I will help answer the questions you have. If you or other readers are concerned about anonymity of future testing, Health Services gave me a phone number for anonymous testing in this area. The number is 1-800-750-2016.

Dear Evil Twin,

How do you know so much about everything? I bet you're really good in bed. Will you marry me?

- Turned on by Science

Dear Turned on,

I spent a while today looking for a really fancy word for someone who has a fetish for science or intelligence, but I couldn't find one. To answer the three parts of your question separately,

I know a lot because I a) pay attention to what I see on TV, in classes, and am told b) I read a lot and enjoy watching educational TV

and Jeopardy-style quiz shows and c) because I am a creative bullshit artist. I can spread a tiny bit of knowledge out into what sounds like a lot. I have every faith that if you can get through four active years and a year of leave at Hampshire, or even four straight years at Hampshire, you are as smart as me.

As to whether I am good in bed, I wouldn't know. I do read about sex sometimes and I admit to no complaints, but I have what you might call limited experience. So I can't really answer although I doubt I would rock any worlds.

Finally, as to the proposition of marriage: I usually like to have met and spent time with the person before marrying them. I might be willing to settle for an application process including a photo, resume, transcript, a five hundred word essay on the subject of you, and a few phone interviews. So if you want to do all that, I give you a fifty-fifty chance. I don't like being single much; I could give marriage a try. My preference though would be for us to meet. Try calling me and asking me out—I am a sucker for a good old fashioned date. I like flowers and candy and I adore holding the door for a girl. The only thing I am not old fashioned about is that I like being asked out. I hate asking girls out—I am a coward about it. So I would appreciate the inquiry from you or others. My extension and e-mail are at the top of the column. I am waiting to hear from you. By the way, if you really want to get married, I will also need a few letters of recommendation. Thanks.

(For other girls out there, I will consider all takers for marriage, so send in the paper work. maybe one of you will get lucky :)

Dear Evil Twin,

I forgot to ask. Are you circumcised?

Most affectionately,
Discriminating Tastes

[Ed: Her e-mail was the same as the one from the question directly above signed "Turned on by Science."]

Dear Discriminating,

I regret my offer to respond to any question to the best of my ability. Now how do I get out of this unembarrassed? You see, I get embarrassed talking about my penis. I just ain't comfortable discussing the old boy in public. So to answer as best I can, I am much like a large number of young men of Jewish ethnicity from New York who are too shy to talk about their little friends. But **"I'll show you mine if you show me yours" comes to mind.**

Dear Evil Twin,

Why do my toes wrinkle up when I'm in the bathtub too long?

Thank You!
Prunella

Dear Prunella,

That's easy. Your body contains all sorts of stuff and it is the job of your skin to keep it in. The job of all water anywhere in the universe is to go find something to mix with, so since you contain a higher concentration of stuff, especially salt (which water likes the taste of) the water works really hard to get into your skin. Your skin is connected to the layer of fat and shit underneath by a bunch of very small, invisible trolls. These trolls don't want to drown so they keep holding the skin tight, but there aren't enough of them to keep all the water out. Where there are no trolls, the water sneaks in and flirts with your salty skin. Your skin looks wrinkly be-
continued on page 14

Nerds Can Not Live On Bread Alone

by Evan A. Baker, Additional material by Michael Zole

In honor of the upcoming release of Peter Jackson's adaptation of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, we are proud to present to you:

The Top 10 JRR Tolkien-related Pick-up Lines:

- 10.) To say what I'd do to you, I'd have to use the elf tongue.
- 9.) Wanna come up to my place and see my Mithril collection?
- 8.) Tom Bombadil is really aching for Goldberry tonight.
- 7.) Baby, you belong in Lothlorien.
- 6.) I want to do some forging in the cracks of doom.
- 5.) Wanna take a journey to Mirkwood—In my pants!
- 4.) Have any elf in you? Want some?
- 3.) You could be Tinuviel reincarnated.
- 2.) **My ork is near man-high.**

And, the number one JRR Tolkien pick-up line, which only a select breed of sci-fi/fantasy geeks will ever hope to understand, is...

- 1.) Mellon!

UNANNOUNCED CONTEST!!!

Did you actually GET the #1 pick-up line in that list? If so, let Evan know. Call him (x4543), e-mail him (eab97), drop by his room (D-107) or just walk up to him. If you can offer an accurate explanation of what it means to walk up to someone and say "Mellon!" then you might just be a winner! What will you win? Okay, we don't have that part figured out yet. Don't expect much, we're  poor, starving college students.

continued from page 13

cause some of it is being held tightly and some of it is soggy and expands out. Hope that helps.

Dear Evil Twin,

This friend of mine likes me and I just want to be friends, but I am horny. What do I do, I'm horny? How should I handle it? I am horny? I would really like to let her know it isn't anything wrong with her. But, I am horny should I just go for it since I am horny?

- Almost Hot to Trot

Dear Hot to Trot,

I have to say that, due to my limited experience (see above), I am probably not the best person to ask about this. But you're in luck—in place of vast personal knowledge about sex I have an overdeveloped

sense of ethics. As I always do my best to keep everyone from getting hurt, I suggest that you stick it out and don't give in to a desire which may end up hurting her and leaving you feeling like an asshole. **If you favor a less strict code of morality, tell her that you don't want to date her and offer sex as a second prize sort of consolation.**

If you choose this option make sure you discuss it for a while. By the way, that discussion should be before you sleep with her and you both have to be sober for the discussion... or at least she has to be sober—you can

be a little drunk.... Sorry if that isn't the answer that you wanted but despite using the word horny five times in a paragraph you seem to know what to do, and if she's really a friend and you really care about her, you might try relieving your urges in a slightly less destructive manner. There are several informative books on this topic in our very own library, which I'm sure our trusty reference librarians would be happy to help you locate. As the cliché goes, to thine own self be true. I think you really know what to do, unless you're truly a dick, in which case try to fake that you're a decent person.

Good luck and try never to write me again with the same word, especially horny , repeated five  times in a paragraph.

G.I. Jacked

by Karl Moore

It's me, it's me, it's that M-O-O-R-E, telling you about all the things that matter more to me than schoolwork. This week, it's the sorry state of the U.S. military. Some "nervous nellies" argue that the military is already bloated and out of control but such people are ignorant of the many enemies at home and abroad who would seek to destroy our glorious empire. The Defense Department's own QDR (Quadrennial Defense Review) found numerous weaknesses and deficiencies in our current military, especially in these areas:

Ninjas: As of yet, no branch of the U.S. military currently has a ninja contingent of any kind. Various Special Forces branches are trained in night operations, but none know of the Nine Deadly Points or the Ashikage Sleeping Phoenix technique. Let's get some exchange going with Japan, which has a monopoly on the mystical arts.

Killer Robots: From Terminators to transforming fighter planes, the U.S. inventory is bare of robots with any offensive capability. Sure, we've some that can detect bombs, but bomb detectors aren't of any use in suppressing angry mobs that resist rightful American dominion

over their pitiful Third-World backwaters.

Children: They worked for the Viet Cong, and if recent events in this country are any indication, our nation can lower the draft age to six with pride. The advantages of children over current soldiers are almost too numerous to count. They don't consume as much supplies as full-grown soldiers, and can operate smaller vehicles, which are less easily detected. They require less sleep. Lastly, they're gullible as hell, so convincing them that "it's all just a game" or "they're just acting" should be, pardon the pun, child's play.

Mutants: C'mon, there are millions of orphans and indigents out there. Round 'em up and expose the to some of our more interesting industrial toxins. I'm sure at least a few will develop the ability to shoot beams from their eyes or control the weather.

Psychics: Why the military lets psychics garner millions on TV foretelling futures is beyond me. Get them in the lab, researching how to

pop heads!

Psychotics: Close the asylums, give 'em guns and plane tickets and turn 'em loose! We'd save all kinds of money!

Jet Li: Sure he's entertaining, but his cracking foreign heads would better serve our country. He's gotta earn his keep.

Super-Soldier Serum: We're vaccinating our fighting men against Anthrax, why not give them a shot that'll turn them into nigh-unstoppable killing machines? I'm sure a suitable cocktail of vitamins, steroids and painkillers could be found.

These are just a few suggestions for getting our military back in top form. Should you have any more, write your Congressman.

Some loose ends from last issue: In regard to Michael Zole's childish misinterpretation of my rebuttal: I would dearly love to engage in a feud, but due to certain distractions (The recent Main Event travesty at Wrestlemania, this week's Christina Aguilera cover of *Entertainment Weekly*, and Japanese PM Keizo Obuchi's stroke) I have neither the time nor the energy to devote to such infantile mudslinging.

Stay sexy, Hampshire.



by Jacob Chabot

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF SURLY BOY



Karl Moore..... or "Akira" Ken McKoo!?



by Michael Zole

It's no secret that Hampshire College does not have the best of reputations. While things are better than they were in the '80s, and people tend to give us more credit than, say, Goddard, Hampshire remains the black sheep (*These Are Not Our Students*) of the Valley.

But why? For all the shit Hampshire takes, I think it does things pretty well given the resources it has. The problem is simply ineffective marketing (and having a student body that loves to bitch and moan doesn't help). You'd be surprised what a little marketing can do for a bad situation; remember "If you haven't seen it, it's new to you?" Or the commercials for Animal Planet? That's what Hampshire needs: a little makeover.

Here's my idea: Hampshire College will be known as a college of candy.

Let's face it: there are a lot of small, experimental liberal arts colleges out there. I should know, I applied to four of them. Each one tried hard to have unique selling points, but they all boiled down to "We're not a big university, and our students like to protest stuff!" Primo location in the Pioneer Valley aside, Hampshire doesn't try to break the mold. So instead of billing Hampshire as an "experimental liberal arts college," it will be billed as an "experimental candy college." And the grant money will come rolling in.

Recently, some kind folks set up a dish of candy on the walkway between FPH and the library, with a chalk inscription that read "It's spring! Eat candy." This is exactly the kind of initiative that will get people thinking about Hampshire in the context of candy. In this spirit, I pro-

I Want Candy

pose we form the Hampshire Candy Collective, an organization dedicated to "hiring speakers and holding functions to promote awareness of socioeconomic, political, and gender issues involving candy." Basically, they will hold events that involve giving people candy (usually on campus, but some outreach programs may be in order). For this they will need at least \$5000 in funding per semester. This may seem like a lot, but lining all the walkways on campus with lemon drops is not as easy as it sounds.

The master "candy plan" could even have fringe benefits. For example, instead of "emergency call boxes," we could install emergency candy caches. Any potential rapists would be too busy eating candy to cause any harm. And people are constantly complaining about the food at the dining commons; adding a prominent "candy bar" (with both kinds of Jolly Ranchers) could do wonders.

After simple changes like these have set in, Hampshire would be ready to pursue the title of "candy college" in earnest. I am thinking specifically of a place where creative students could express

bold new candy ideas and "think outside the box"—the candy box, that is! This place will be the Hampshire Center for Candy Innovation, which would function as a candy factory with a Hampshire attitude: Students will explore new and exciting ways to revolutionize candy in the 21st century. Like Lemelson, it will be highly touted whenever prospective students come to visit; but unlike Lemelson, it will produce candy.

Ultimately, I hope that these changes will attract a more candy-centric student body, and instead of seeing tons of classes with names like "Race, Class, Gender, and Meaning," we will see classes with names like "How To Make Candy" and "Introduction to Candy (proseminar)." But it can't happen without you. Students of Hampshire College, I need you to support this vision, to show the world how a democratic, egalitarian student body can be totally obsessed with candy.

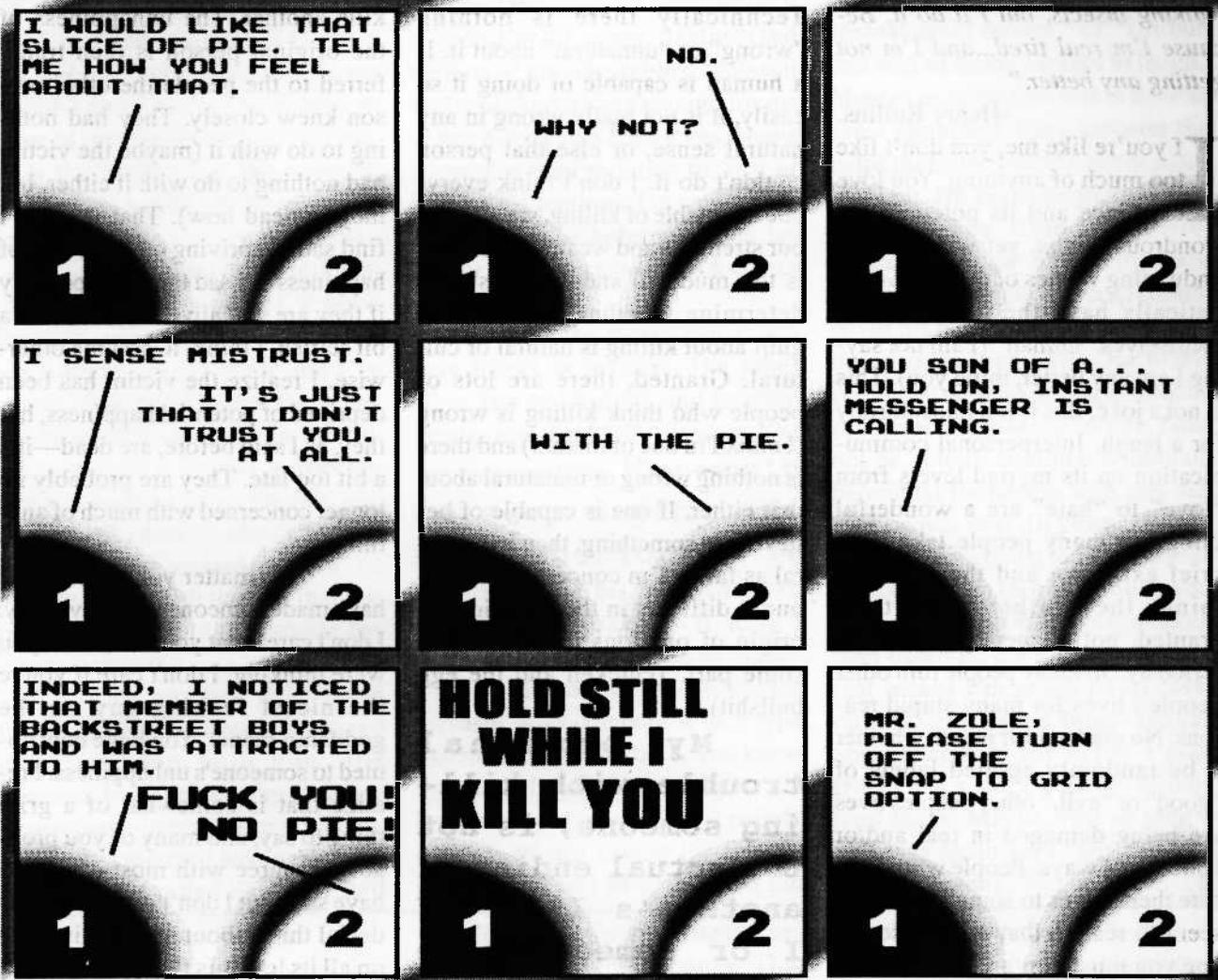
In the interest of pigeonholing myself, it should be mentioned that video games have been made that involve candy.

Timeline

- Fall 2000** – Hampshire Candy Collective forms; candy is distributed throughout dorms, next to condoms
- Spring 2002** – Sodexo-Marriott adds a "Candy Bar" to the Dining Commons
- Fall 2002** – Hampshire Center for Candy Innovation (HCCI) opens next to Lemelson Center for Design
- Spring 2004** – Commencement address delivered by that chick from Bow Wow Wow
- Fall 2004** – Public Safety staff fired, replaced by Oompa-Loompas
- Spring 2006** – Six story tall chocolate bunny erected by Red Barn
- Spring 2008** – Hampshire motto changed to "Saccharum crystallinum satis est" (lit., candy is enough); Robert Crown Center renamed Robert Crown Candy Center (RCCC)
- Fall 2010** – Hampshire holds month-long "CandyFest 2010" which draws visitors from as far away as Switzerland and culminates in the construction of a yurt made entirely of gingerbread
- Fall 2015** – Hampshire College renamed Hampshire College of Candy

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST

by M. Zole



The First Installment of Wade

by Gareth Edel

I was never sure anyone would respond to our offer of a date with Wade. This is not a slight against Wade. I mean simply that the posting of an offer of a date in a magazine is not the sort of romantic start that many girls look for. **How was I to know that it would work out this well.**

We have our first two dates selected and are hoping for more entries before the next issue. The dates will take place around next weekend. The first respondent is a Mount Holyoke student who lists one of her pastimes as being a "jockey," and is aided in writing her inquiry by a friend who labels herself a "pimp." The other person who responded is a Hampshire student who identifies herself as knowing Wade. She thinks he is a "nice guy" and also mentions that she is not a "psycho."

There is fun to come in the next *Omen* when the dates are recounted and both Wade and the Girls tell you what they think happened. There will be information from a pre-date interview and from a debriefing after the date. I think we can expect romance, excitement, titillation and suspense. You need to pay attention next time to hear the whole story of this Hampshire style love connection.

You know you're curious if Wade will get some or if he will stutter his way through a couple of awkward hours, or both??? Will the Jockey do any riding? How nice will Wade be? Will he be naughty? Stay tuned.



Killing People is Good

by Brayden Burroughs

"I don't want to kill one of these walking insects, but I'll do it. Because I'm real tired...and I'm not getting any better."

-Henry Rollins.

If you're like me, you don't like too much of anything. You love existence and its potential for wondrous things, yet you hate the undulating wastes of time that egotistically have the nerve to call themselves "human" (I am not saying I am any better, mind you). This is not a joke, this is not misanthropy for a laugh. Interpersonal communication on its myriad levels from "love" to "hate" are a wonderful thing. So many people take their brief existence and the pointless things they gather from it for granted, not to mention so damn seriously. So many people ruin other people's lives for many stupid reasons. No matter your intent, whether it be randomly applied labels of "good" or "evil," other peoples lives are being damaged in real and/or conceptual ways. People who dedicate themselves to something don't seem to realize that to help someone you must hurt another in some way. This exists outside the concepts of what is a "good" thing to do to someone else and what is "bad" thing to do. Unhappiness begets unhappiness. It is very scientific in its relationship to the Law of Conservation of Mass/Energy. Human misery does not vanish, it is simply transferred somewhere else. One might think the people who now have it (after their good deed is done) deserve it more than the people who were getting it. Who decided you could make that decision? You are now misery makers; you are no better. (I don't think that is necessarily wrong, but rather

something to think about.)

Murder is a strange thing. Technically there is nothing "wrong" or "unnatural" about it. If a human is capable of doing it so easily, it is not really wrong in any natural sense, or else that person couldn't do it. I don't think everyone is capable of killing, we all have our strengths and weaknesses. Life is too muddled and full of shit to determine whether remorse and guilt about killing is natural or cultural. Granted, there are lots of people who think killing is wrong (I think I'm one of them...) and there is nothing wrong or unnatural about that either. If one is capable of believing in something, then it is natural as far as I'm concerned. Everyone is different in their opinions—origin of opinions is the troublesome part...(chicken and the egg bullshit).

My personal trouble with killing someone, is not the actual ending of another's life. If I or someone else decided that another human should not be on this Earth, then that is the justification.

No one has any "natural" right to anything, and that is also to say that everyone has a right to everything (I realize how much contradicts itself...). My [personal] problem lies in the transferring of unhappiness that I talked about earlier. I think that the misery given to the friends and family of the dead is a much worse thing to do than the killing of people. People are a dime a

fucking dozen, it is not a huge loss. To remove one's unhappiness, one kills another. The unhappiness of the original person is then transferred to the people the other person knew closely. They had nothing to do with it (maybe the victim had nothing to do with it either, but they're dead now). That is what I find sad. Depriving other people of happiness is a sad thing --especially if they are still alive to suffer. It is a bit selfish, I think, to assume otherwise. I realize the victim has been deprived of potential happiness, but they, as I said before, are dead—it's a bit too late. They are probably no longer concerned with much of anything.

No matter your intent, you have made someone unhappy today. I don't care what you said, what you were thinking. I don't care if you're the nicest fucking guy on the goddamn planet. You have contributed to someone's unhappiness. I realize that is somewhat of a grim thing to say, and many of you probably disagree with most of what I have said, but I don't care. The wonderful thing about human diversity on all its levels is that because of it, it is impossible to make many claims. Silly semantic differences among folks who speak the same language, and of course personal experience, allow even the most innocuous sentence to be potentially riddled with hurtful things. I'm not even talking about words necessarily, I'm talking about inflection and other hard to pin down modulations in speech. Since I don't think anyone really cares about all this in any way shape or form enough to be put into a bad mood about all this, I'll issue the disclaimer simply: it doesn't fucking matter. It's unavoidable

continued on next page

It's Real Funny...NOT!

by Zak Kauffman

I'm a sarcastic guy by nature. I'm fairly good at it (I get a decent laugh ratio among my friends) and I try not to overdo it. Most of my friends are sarcastic too, as is the majority of this campus. And once again, they're funny enough that it's usually enjoyable.

I have a sarcastic problem though, and it concerns a good friend of mine. We've been friends since about the 1st grade and I've grown close to him over the years. We beat each other up in the 4th grade, caused a teacher to literally throw a book at us in the 6th, and cheated off of each other's tests in every class we've had together. So how do I deal with the fact that this man, whom I would call brother, has crappy sarcasm?

This problem may sound trivial, but it has seriously damaged my friendship with him. His constant barrage of crappy jokes means that whenever I'm with him, every other minute I have to respond to "Man, that tasted like Taco Bell

continued from previous page
able, and it is not worth worrying about another stupid thing you have no control over.

We should stop worrying about the environment, drugs, smoking, drinking etc. I think we are doing ourselves a favor by killing ourselves. Other animals are far more resilient than us. We would kill ourselves before we committed global extinction on the other animals—look at the dinosaurs and the mammals. Granted, they didn't build factories, but hey! The mammals survived a meteor induced holocaust. That's not bad. We cannot save everything and we shouldn't try (if you really want to, go ahead. It's

diarrhea." It means that I have to suppress my jokes for fear that he'll respond with some bastardized version of my joke robbed of its wit and soul. And it's not enough for me to just listen to his lame jokes; I have to pretend they're funny for fear of hurting his feelings. I can only fake laugh so much before the bile his humor creates in my stomach comes churning forth.

And the worst part is the man thinks he's funny. His jokes come fast and furious, and he often creates one that he deems worthy of constant repetition. **Why won't he stop saying "No shit Sherlock?"** I'd be annoyed at his habit of often stealing my jokes if it didn't improve his quality level so much.

The best way to describe his sarcasm is to compare it to a type that most of us have used. You know that type of sarcasm that 13 year old boys use constantly, where it mainly consists of just saying the reverse of how you feel in a stretched out

your life). The Earth changes, species die, and species change. That is evolution. Everything that is going on now is part of evolution. Whether it is "positive" or "negative" is really a matter of perception and attitude. To think we owe ourselves existence on Earth is pretty presumptuous. We owe ourselves, and the life we share the Earth with, nothing. The Earth will survive us. We are not so special that we should try our damndest to keep us around. Even if the Earth doesn't survive us, it isn't so special either that it MUST be kept around—don't give it so much credit. Personally, I hope we kill ourselves pretty soon. I can't imagine another 1000 years of this

voice combined with eye rolling? For example, "Yeah, that was a reeaal good movie," or "Uh-huh, that was so funny I forgot to laugh." Most of us grew past that to develop some genuinely witty sarcasm that helps make the world a better place. Not him. He keeps on pumping 13-year old boy style eye rolling sarcasm at an alarming rate, oblivious to the cliched crap coming out of his mouth and the damage it's doing to our friendship. Due to this, combined with his strong embracing of Korean gangsta rap culture, I may not be able to continue a mutually beneficial friendship with this man I've known over 10 years.

Am I being too judgmental? Of course I am (not to mention very arrogant). I'm condemning a decent man based on his jokes. So I guess that means I'm going to go easier on him, give him a break and just appreciate him for being a good friend that's stuck with me through hard times. Maybe. Just so long as he never again says "hey, who cut the cheese?"

pointless human drama. As for self-preservation, I think that is more of a small-scale thing if it exists at all. One tries to preserve one's own life when the situation demands it, but I think that's about it.

I am not a hard person. I am not what I would consider a hateful person. I love many people, and I love these people very sincerely. My opinions do not prevent me from interacting with other people in a (hopefully) constructive way. Thank you for bearing with my rambling chain of thought, my pseudo science, my sloppy generalizations, and my endless contradictions—not to mention the disjointedness. Have a nice life. I'll see you all in Hell.

RUMINANT FOR GREAT PRESSES
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SAVE -- OFFICIAL CURR.

FILM CRITIC FOR HIRE

by B. A. Shaun Boyle

Well the Academy Awards were on March 26th and as usual I wasted another Sunday night watching the "biggest party of the year." Sure I could have done something productive but that would have required effort and I just couldn't deal with that. Thus instead of writing my reactions to the event in a series of complete sentences, which would in turn constitute a paragraph, I've decided to make a list.

1) Someone must slap Haley Joel Osment. Sure the kid is cute, but he was just too cute at the Oscars. He was all dressed up in his little tuxedo and using big peoples' words when he was interviewed. "I observe deceased individuals."

Shit! I wrote in complete sentences. Here lets try again.

2) Oscar telecast too long...bamboo shoots under my finger nails...Billy Crystal not funny...Angelina Jolie loves her brother...that's fucked up...maybe they're half siblings ...still pretty fucked up...Robin Williams and *Blame Canada* were so cool...Phil Collins is a mother-fucker...that *Matrix* special effects guy looks like a futuristic priest...Phil Collins is still a mother-fucker...*Three Kings*, *Fight Club*, *Mr. Death*, John Malkovich, Cameron Diaz, and Jim Carrey not nominated...why...wish Gary Coleman was there...David Letterman was the best host ever...Norm Macdonald should host...*American Beauty* best

The Academy Awards and the Olsen Twins!

picture...big surprise...why not *Baby Geniuses*...they're babies...they can talk...GENIUS!

So it's a little incoherent. What are you going to do about it? Anyway lets talk about some upcoming theatrical releases.

Frequency—Well this movie has an interesting plot. **This guy stumbles upon a ham radio and it turns out he can use it to talk to his dad who has (deep voice) "been dead for thirty years."** Come to think of it, the plot of this movie isn't interesting, it's a complete load of shit. If you allow me a moment of your time, I will prove my point. (1) There's this guy who stumbles upon a ham radio and it turns out he can talk to his dad. The only problem is (2) he has (deep voice) "been dead for thirty years."

The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas—The title is kind of self-explanatory. Instead of writing anything else about this movie, I'm just going to assume you the reader can make up your own witty banter about this movie with a friend. Come on, it's very easy. Just reread the title and think about it for a second. Ok, here's a hint: it stars Stephen Baldwin.

Chicken Run—I have nothing bad to say about this movie. It's the first feature film by Nick Park, the guy

who made the very funny *Wallace and Gromit* shorts. Go see it.

GoodBurger 2—God, I wish. The film *GoodBurger* is an unparalleled masterpiece about the battle between good (*GoodBurger*) and evil (*MondoBurger*). The film is produced by Nickelodeon, which brought us award-winning shows like *DoubleDare*, *Family Double-Dare*, and *Super Sloppy Double-Dare*. So you can't go wrong.

The Eyes of Tammy Faye—Bwah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha...a documentary about Tammy Faye Baker done by, get this, two drag queens. Seriously.

Here are some upcoming video releases:

The Omega Code—*The Christian Science Monitor* calls this movie: "The best apocalyptic thriller ever." While I haven't yet seen this film I do know it stars Casper Van Diem who attempts to unlock the Bible code or something along those lines. This movie which was produced by a Christian film company (Goodtimes Video) actually broke into the top ten at the box office when it was released. It wasn't released in major cities, rather the distributor concentrated on moderately sized cities in the Midwest and the "Bible Belt," which we all know are goldmines for apocalyptic thrillers.

Vatican Revealed—What kind of cigars does the Pope smoke? Which one of the Vatican Guards has hemorrhoids? Did Sodexho-Marriot

continued on next page

Take My Eye, Please!

by Evan A. Baker

I am transferring out of Hampshire. If I look back, I'm fairly certain I'll be turned to salt in an instant. However, I recently realized that my leaving probably could have been averted very easily. No, I'm not happy with the classes here, or with the fact that my posters get torn down and my friends get threatened with beatings. No, I don't think I could take The Grub Hut for another year, especially without soup at breakfast. Yes, Hampshire is really, really expensive, and I don't like my parents having to live like paupers to keep me in school. But that could all have been pushed to the wayside if only I wore an eye-patch.

Let me explain. See, in high school, I wasn't a particularly popular guy, nor particularly unpopular. I was pretty average. From time to time I could be seen with a girl, some better looking than others. My romantic life was average.

Alas, this has not been the case here at Hampshire. I am simply not considered a desirable property on this campus it seems. That's not to say I've spent the last three years alone, but generally

I've had to look off-campus. In fact, my last on-campus girlfriend was sufficiently ashamed to be involved with me that she would not admit to her friends that we were dating. Boy, that's an ego boost for ya!

Anyway, I'm pretty sure this problem could be remedied if I had an eye-patch. Well, I do have an eye-patch (a nice one, too), what I lack is the reason to wear it. I bought it for my Halloween costume this year, and it looked damned sexy. **I realized then and there that an eye-patch was the perfect addition to my appearance, the thing that could make all my other features come together properly, magically.**

Alas, I have two eyes, both of which function perfectly. Perfectly! I mean, I look really good in glasses, too, but I don't even have an excuse to wear them!

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cater Vatican 2? These hard-hitting questions and more are not answered in this very boring four-hour travelogue.

Excellent Cadavers—Did someone say Chazz Palminteri? Did someone say F. Murray Abraham? Did someone say bad title? It's a thriller set in the high-powered world of Washington politics. Though I'm not sure if it will be confused more often as a Medical School instructional video or a porno for

Ramblings of the Ultra-Nerd

So here I am, alone and lonely, when all I need to make me happy is some failing vision or one severely damaged or missing eye...

If I had an eye-patch, I'd look dangerous, like a pirate. It would just be me, my eye-patch, and a bottle of rum. The chicks would come running, screaming, clawing at me like wild animals! I'd be at the core of a mountain of chicks piled upon each other, all fighting to make their way through the crowd to get to the center, where I would be waiting with open arms to thrill and delight each of them in turn.

Okay, so the main reason I want to lose an eye is so that I can look like Dr. Serizawa (Akihiko Hirata) in the original Godzilla. But isn't that reason enough?

So come on, I still have a few friends left on this campus. One of you, please, stick a needle in my right eye or something. Anything! Give me a reason to wear that damned eye-patch for the little time I have left here! I deserve a few more happy days before I bid a bitter farewell to this campus I once thought I could love.

necrophiliacs.

Switching Goals—The latest masterpiece from Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen. Don't take my word for it, rather listen to cybergirlie from New Mexico.

(This is an actual review posted on Amazon.com)

GREAT FLICK- MY NUMBER 1 FAVORITE

Reviewer: cybergirlie from New Mexico March 7, 2000

Aughh... you HAVE to see this movie. It is my favorite movie of all

time in the whole universe. The plot is pretty good, even though it is not the best in the world, but the Olsen Twins great acting makes up for it. I taped this movie the first time it came on ABC (this is a made for TV movie) and once I accidentally taped over and I actually cried. That shows you how much I love this movie. I cannot stand soccer and I did not really like the movie "Passport to Paris", but this is GREAT

The article practically writes itself. Peace.

I'm a
doctor, not
a floor wax!



Now Back to my Friends...

by Gabriel McKee

Iwouldn't eat hot dogs if they didn't resemble penises.

Some of you may have read the *Tao Te Ching*, the Chinese classic that sums up the philosophical system known as Taoism. And you may remember Chapter 42, which begins "Tao begat the One. One begat Two. Two begat Three, and Three begat the myriad things." This oblique creation myth is one of the finest poetical gems in the whole of the *Tao Te Ching*, though its meaning is probably quite obscure to modern readers—or so one might think.

Some of you may have heard "Nutz on ya Chin," a song by NWA member Eazy-E. And you may remember the song's opening lines: "One, and then comes the Two, then the muthafuckin' Three. Then comes the Eazy to the other-fuckin' E." And Eazy-E begat the myriad things. Lao Tzu's millenia-old thought was alive and well in Compton in the early 1990's, and presumably survives to this day.

Eazy-E's music is brimming with references to

Taoism. Later in "Nutz on ya Chin," Eazy tells us: "Motherfuck what you heard, I'm more than that." This is clearly a reference to the ineffable nature of the Tao: **as the first line of the Tao Te Ching says, "Tao can be talked about, but not the Eternal Tao." Just so is Eazy-E's gangsterness ineffable.**

I do not mean to say that Eazy-E is simply Lao Tzu's mouthpiece for the late 20th century. He is critical of aspects of Taoist thought—for example, when he says "fuck waiting for a payday, get an AK," he is clearly in disagreement with the Taoist idea of *wu-wei*, or non-action, as the best method to restore the Tao to the world. Instead, Eazy would rather be an active participant in the Tao's return.

Which brings us to hot dogs. Now, some people would be embarrassed to pick up a hot dog in Saga, slap it in a bun,

cover it in ketchup, and insert the cylindrical meal into their mouths. They fear, no doubt, that eating a hot dog will send a message to the world around them. I'm not sure what this message would say, but I know it has something to do with penises.

But I am not a member of this "some people" faction. I am well-pleased to place a hot dog upon my plate, and proudly display it to those around me, heartily announcing "I'm going to eat food that looks like a penis, and I refuse to be ashamed!" I will then take my seat and, smiling and giggling coyly all the while, devour my cocklike lunch.

I am not afraid to do this, and it is all thanks to Eazy-E. "Nutz on ya Chin," he explains, "since you put yourself on my dick I put my nutz on ya chin." In saying this, Eazy reaffirms the Taoist tradition. And since hot dogs so clearly resemble penises, in eating them I am participating in Eazy-E's quest for the Tao, gladly welcoming a symbol of the generative principle into my mouth. Plus, food that looks like penises is funny.

by Jacob Chabot



Wade Dishes It Out

by Wade Stuckwisch

For four years I've heard people bitch about the food at the Hampshire Dining Commons, known to the masses as SAGA (Silly Acronym Gone Anachronistic). I admit, it took a while, but I'm pretty darn sick of the SAGA cuisine too. Not that I don't eat copious amounts of it or anything. But what I'm more sick of is the constant bitching. I'm sick of the ridiculous requests on the dry erase board, I'm sick of people pissing and moaning about getting into the mods so they can get off the meal plan, and I'm real damn sick of chasing you out at 7:30 and bussing your damn trays. But that's a different rant. This one is about why exactly the food sucks so much, and why you should quit bitching 'cuz there ain't nothing you can do about it.

We live in a world of limited resources, as any good economist or ecologist could tell you. We go to a school with even more limited resources, as any student could tell you. And we eat in a dining commons with even more limited resources. This is probably one of the biggest reasons why you hate the food. Sodexho-Marriott isn't exactly making enough money to fund the building of another prison off this joint. (Not that they do that, actually it's the French major shareholder Sodexho Alliance that does that, but that's a different rant entirely.) The problem isn't even always the quality of the product being served. A big part of it is that the kitchen is pretty darn understaffed and overworked. The cooks basically don't have the time

to cook and flavor everything to absolute perfection, especially in huge quantities. And especially when there's an administration-sponsored event being catered at the same time as dinner... any night dinner is really ass and it seems like the cooks aren't even trying, ten to one says there's a dinner at the President's House or another big catering event that night. The kitchen staff (OK, most of them anyway) actually takes a reasonable amount of pride in their work, despite how ungrateful everyone is for the good meals. Show some fucking respect.

Another reason is the facilities. Yeah, Amherst College has better food, but have you seen how big their dining commons is? You can only prepare so many things at once, and you can only store so much at once, depending on your facilities. Another thing is the fact that everything at SAGA is designed around keeping hot food warm using steam trays. Not everything survives well in a steam tray. In fact, almost nothing survives well in a steam tray, especially things like vegetables. **Let's face it, the whole cafeteria system was designed by meat-eaters.** If SAGA served nothing but fast food, it would survive better because fast food is designed for the type of environment in a cafeteria. But then everyone would complain about the quality of the cuisine. Can you think of a better way to prepare enough food to feed around 300 people and keep it hot over the span of two

hours?

Oh hey, while I'm at it... the answer is NO, we will not put X silly thing on the salad bar. Why? Because the only person who will eat it is YOU, and that means it's not worth prepping. Remember when somebody kept asking for salsa on the salad bar? Well, we did it, and nobody eats it. I bet the tin of salsa on the salad bar right now is the same one we put out in October, only in a different container. And no, you can't have X cereal. Why? Because there's eight perfectly good randomly selected cereals out there already, so deal. And yes, we're out of X food product but shit happens, OK? And yes, X person never went out with you in high school but that's because you're ugly and you dress funny. And yes, if you put X product in the waffle iron or toaster it will burn and make a huge mess so don't do it you silly fucking tit! But that's a different rant all together.

So the moral of this story is... yes, the food sucks, but that's what ya get for coming here and not to a school with grades, an endowment and better food. If you really want better food in SAGA, we should drop a couple million to expand the dining commons, hire more cooks, fire a few professors, and cut back on a few programs. Like half of you wouldn't live on junk food or spaghetti if you had the chance anyway... And besides, if the food is so bad, why do you people from the mods keep trying to sneak in, or buying declining balances? I guess SAGA beats shopping and cooking for yourself any day, huh? ()



SECTION

HATE!

Kickin' It Old School

by Anna Elbers

Author's Note: *For those of you who don't read The Forward here is another chance for you to hear my thoughts for this week.*

I imagine that at this point there are people on campus who are tired of hearing about rape culture, degrading attitudes, sexual assault, and acquaintance rape. I wish it was something that was not relevant to life on campus or this world for that matter, but I have not heard anything that has convinced me that we should not continue to be concerned.

If there were no further discussion of these issues there are of course some other people on campus who would be genuinely discouraged, and some who might be cynically amused that Hampshire has had yet another one-week-issue. I hope that as a community we can try to address these issues more thoroughly. For these reasons I have asked to have the following articles printed. I hope that people won't stop reading the articles when they see the articles make reference to fratboys. Students at Hampshire may want to think that we are too aware and sophisticated be implicated in a problem fratboys are associated with, but if you think about it for a minute you will realize that you know there are survivors of sexual assault on this campus, and there are perpetrators of sexual assault too. Tragically there are people on campus who do not even realize the tremendous pain and suffering they have caused others because they did not respect personal and sexual boundaries or receive consent for sexual

contact and activities.

Many of us have also responded to our friends' and classmates' relevant experiences, actions, and attitudes with what I think is less than satisfactory concern. **I don't want to live in a community in which we are complacent because of our discomfort or indifference to raising questions with our friends**

about: Whether she/he should consider if she/he is being respected or violated in her/his sexual or other relationships. Whether we are listening and being respectful of our friend if she/he feel she/he have been disrespected or assaulted. Whether our friend has acted in a sexist manner, or harbors misogynous, androphobic* (see end of article), or hetroexist attitudes and intentions. Whether our friend in an intoxicated or sober state may have done something that was a violation or sexual assault of another person.

Least I be misunderstood, I am not suggesting we have to attack our friends with accusations and condemnations if some sort of incident happens. I am advocating moving beyond the type of defensiveness and blind loyalty that prevents us from reflecting on and talking about our own and our friends' and classmates' attitudes and actions. And yes, I realize that many of the situations these issues arise in are in some sense "private" personal matters.

However, if we do not know or show concern about what our friends think,, say, and do in their personal (to some extent including sexual) lives then what does it mean when we say we "know" and "care about" our friends?

It is not my intention to make people paranoid or scared about sex or relationships. However, I do want to make sure that all of the students at Hampshire understand that if some basic (and even enjoyable) activities are ignored we risk having unpleasant experiences and causing people terrible suffering.

Some of the language in the articles is a little new-age and I am sure that people can come up with other creative language to use in talking about sex in their own lives. I think that what these articles offer is a chance to reflect on some of the ways each of us can avoid perpetuating disrespect and violence towards those around us and ourselves.

*I had trouble tracking down the word for the hatred of men in dictionaries, on line, and in asking people. Finally, a student offered andropathy as the proper term. When I checked in a good unabridged dictionary, androphobia seemed to be the closest term. I find it rather interesting that words for this concept don't seem to be readily available in our language.

Editor's Note: *The article "Conversations of Consent" is reprinted on page 25 The second article "The Stigma of Being a Victim" will be printed in the next issue.*

The Conversations of Consent: Sexual Intimacy Without Sexual Assault

by Joseph Weinberg and Michael Biernbaum © 1992

In "Men Unlearning Rape," *Changing Men* #22, we described how we work with men on the issue of sexual assault and the internal political and emotional issues we face. Here we discuss "consent" as a basis for safer sexual intimacy and on men's emotional response to this approach to unlearning rape.

All across this country antisexist men are talking to other men about rape, providing honest and factual information about sexual assault. (We use the terms "rape" and "sexual assault" interchangeably throughout this article.) Clarifying what constitutes sexual assault is necessary, for there is an astounding lack of information out there among men about rape. Examples abound. They still tell us, for example, that rape of women is an "excess of sex" and how could that be bad? And when we talk about the males that are raped, many particularly high school-aged men assume the perpetrator to be a "beautiful older woman!" Most men still don't know or haven't had to know what constitutes rape. This doesn't excuse or exonerate our behavior, but does point to education as the most important way for breaking the cycle of sexual violence.

Until now, rape has been an invisible issue for most men. Say the word rape to most women and there is a shudder, an involuntary muscular reaction or some other visceral response. Certainly not all women understand the dynamics of rape culture, but most have a strong body sense of what rape means. Mention rape to most men and there is not a comparable physical response. (The twenty per cent of men who have experienced incest or other sexual assault by age 18, and older male survivors, often carry a palpable imprint. To them rape is not invisible. Nor is it invisible to part-

ners and friends of those who have been raped, who increasingly are identifying themselves and want to know more about the monster that has entered their lives and the lives of the survivors.)

Since most of us men do not carry the body-centered terror and pain of rape, the idea of "not raping" also carries little psychophysical feeling or relief. It's an idea or vision that stays intellectual for most of us. **One young man wanted to know, "What's the payoff?" "That you don't rape," we replied.** "Yeah, but what's the payoff?" Exasperated, we countered, "That you don't rape!" "But what's the payoff?" he persisted. "That you don't rape," we shouted. What more did he need? What more do we need?

Intensifying the Confusion

We were recently called by a magazine editor. "Are men reeling?" she asked. "In light of the William Kennedy Smith, Clarence Thomas and Mike Tyson cases, are men reeling?" "No," we had to tell her, "we don't exactly see men reeling, but there are rumblings of doubt." Pressure cracks are appearing in the "real man" facades many of us live behind, and unsightly feelings of uncertainty, fear and vulnerability are beginning to show through, particularly among younger men. For all our past bravado, we now have questions and doubts.

We were in a high school the day the William Kennedy Smith verdict came down when he was found rich and white and from the 24 young men there that day came pouring out questions, like "What is consent?", "What if a girl says yes, then changes her mind?" and "How do we know what they want?" (Echoes of Sigmund Freud) It's great to hear these

questions. While the threat of legal sanction may get men's attention for a moment, that distant threat does not start the changes in behaviors and attitudes that stop the raping. We encourage uncertainty and confusion, allowing a man to see that what he has accepted as normal can be rape that he may be raping by doing exactly what he thinks he is "supposed" to be doing. This can shake him from his insouciant "hey, no problem with me, man" mask. This can make it more difficult for him to continue his high-risk activities just because he has "gotten away" with rape in the past (i.e., has not been accused or charged with assault).

These responses can be part of a psychological disruption: when the stereotypes of the rapist that keep him distant from me the stranger out there, the isolated "sick" guy, someone (anyone) else begin to fall apart. At a gut level he may begin to feel this is me we're talking about, and I think I've done this.

This discomfort is something we are happy to see, for if the normal expression of male sexuality is seen as a moving, even runaway, train linear, rushing forward, with "too much momentum to stop" then braking to a halt and even rolling backward a little is a desirable response. In our experience nothing gets men to put on the brakes like the combination of clear factual information and emotional confusion.

Emotional Responses

When men begin to experience this confusion, they may identify one or more of the following feelings: resentment, panic, anger or shock. Some express resentment at male figures in their lives fathers, brothers, uncles, and male friends for feeding them lies about sexual "conquest," "the hunt" for women and all the other strategies for obtaining sex that were laid on them as they were

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growing up. Their anger draws on feelings of belittlement by older men for the younger one's possibly inadequate masculinity. (Remember being asked (told), "You younger guys must be getting it all the time, aren't you?"?) Here some of the lies that form the foundation of our participation in the patriarchy can begin to be named, identified and rejected.

Hopelessness and panic can be seen in the response of one fraternity man: "If this is rape then every one of us has raped! We can't do anything." This moment of incipient recognition is familiar to many of us that a large number of us have done something that could qualify as rape. His fearful pronouncement resonates for many men. One man's fear and panic was so strong and so illustrative of the multiple and confused expectations about being a man that he'd internalized that his response reached a truly absurd height when he exclaimed, "With this new definition of rape we could end up in prison for not satisfying a woman sexually!" (Now while that could be a wickedly funny discussion for some women or men, we felt we had to reassure him that no man is in prison anywhere in the universe for premature ejaculation.)

A fear of false charges of assault also arises. "We have no protection. All she has to do is say we raped her." Statistically, the false report is a minute occurrence. We find it important here to talk of the hellish experience reported by women (and men) who report an assault to disbelieving, insensitive and unprofessional authorities, and the further indignities experienced in carrying the case through our judicial system. The fact is that the odds are extremely small that any middle or upper class white man in this country will ever be imprisoned for rape. Racism and a racist judicial system make the story entirely different for African-American men: in the U.S. where the vast majority of the reported perpetrators of rape

are white, the vast majority of the men in prison for rape are black!

We also hear expressed anger at all or some women for "causing" a problem (rape) where, in their opinion, none exists. In the discussion of sexual assault it is important to separate this bogus and reactionary blaming of women, from the issue of the responsibility of female perpetrators for the 20% of sexual violence perpetrated by females upon male victims, usually boys or infants. The same power/experience differential necessary for abuse is present. While there is no excuse for denying women's pain and these men's anger is misdirected, some angry men (and others who are defensive or seemingly resistant to hearing the truth about rape) are themselves survivors or "significant others" of survivors. Some angry men may be reactionary jerks, but not all are. It is dangerous, fatuous and perhaps even willful to pretend otherwise. If the victim is only female, then the female is only a victim.

Perhaps men's most remarkable reaction is amazement that having assaulted her, they cannot

"unassault" her. It comes as a rude shock that they cannot "un-say" her feelings, interpret her experience for her, and have the last word on what happened. We are entitled to our perceptions, but it is not under our control to decide for our partner whether she/he has been sexually assaulted.

We are slowly moving with them to a new paradigm: if she/he feels assaulted, then they have been assaulted. Men are aghast that their intent doesn't really matter, whether they rape with complete sense of what they are doing or no sense. We can't control someone else's feelings, though the rapist may have the illusion that he does. One astounded male college athlete demanded, "Do you mean that if I grab a woman's

crotch, that could be rape? That's unfair!"

Consent: Explicit and Verbal

Often, when the accused in a date rape case is interviewed in the media, he says (no doubt under advice of counsel), "Well, I had consent and then she changed her mind." Whenever we hear this, we shout back, "What was the conversation like that established consent?" His assumption is that since she: a) ate dinner with him; b) went back to his room; c) didn't say no (even when she has passed out or has fallen asleep); d) etc., she must want sex and was agreeing to whatever he had in mind.

The old saw, "She got herself raped," reveals the operating paradigm: it's all her responsibility to say "no" and to attempt to set my limits. Rape occurs when she doesn't succeed. This is an analysis that is familiar to many men and women whose victim-blaming usually revolves around this point. The process of consent seeks to redress this disastrous imbalance, charging men with the responsibility for our behavior and with respecting the integrity of our partner.

To us, consent is the continual process of explicit and verbal discussion, a dialog, brief or extended, taken one step at a time, to an expressed "yes" by both parties and a shared acknowledgement that at this moment what we are doing together is safely comfortable to each of us. Consent is what establishes that the interaction (including sex) is between equals in power. We feel safe enough to say anything we need to without incapacitation of either party, coercion or threat, implied or actual to attempt to protect ourselves from violation. Each party is autonomous at each moment and can change their minds at any time. We share control of the situation with each other. Our responsibility is to be as sure as possible that what we are doing is not felt as violation.

This process may be new historically. When (or if) he sat us down for that talk, Dad never told us about having this kind of discussion nor did

he admit his own questions. We have learned instead to "read" body language, a too-often, self-fulfilling prophesy that invites us to hear and see only what we want to. How many of us think we can read our partner's body language as confirmation of their desire for sexual contact and their (implied?) agreement with what we have in mind? Using body language this way is a sham; we're merely justifying self-deception or pretending that we've established more than mere acquiescence or submission.

Consent is not a panacea. Teaching men the process of explicit verbal consent for sexual contact will stop much rape, but will not stop all rape. There are men who know exactly what rape is and will persist. "You need this, you deserve this, you asked for this and you will be a better wife after this." These are the words of men who know exactly what they are doing. But even for these men, convicted or not, this persistent discussion of consent can bring home the meaning of rape in a new way. Due to the myths about who the "real" rapist and what rape is, the definition of rape is often misunderstood even by the convicted rapist!

Most of the men in prison for rape are there for the rape of strangers, though stranger rape represents less than 20% of reported rapes. We have found in our workshop experiences in prisons that some rapists, admittedly guardedly and tentatively, are perplexed by the idea that most rape is forced intercourse or sexual contact without consent with an acquaintance, partner, friend or spouse. Some of them begin to understand they have also raped people they know, and can begin to see this as similar (in the affect on the victim) to the stranger rape that they're in for. They show the same shock that other men do when they begin to feel the truth about rape. (After all, the main difference between them and most of the rest of us men is that they were caught.)

Can any man become empathetic to women and their experi-

ence of rape? The process of consent offers a challenge to men who hate women, who say that women "don't know what they want," are "vindictive," "out to get us," etc. to look at themselves. We ask, what is sex like when we feel this way? Sex will remain terrifying and fraught with danger, with high risk for us committing sexual assault, as long as we don't care about ourselves. Consent opens up possibilities for a man to understand and love himself as a person, to recognize the riskiness of the choices he has been making and become "empathetic" to his own situation frightened, lacking communication skills, unsure of what he wants from women. Consent raises the issue of personhood ours and hers. The linkage is unavoidable. If we men have not been taught to be empathetic to ourselves, how can we extend that to women, who are seen as alien or "other." Facing or accepting our own fears of vulnerability and intimacy, our own histories of victimization and abusing, can open men to hearing women's experiences with us and other men, their fears and desires. We have seen many men move out of a hardened, defensive posture through this process and start making the connections.

What Are We Asking?

What is going on when we "ask?" Many men explain that they don't ask because they might hear "no." We respond, "Would you rather rape than risk hearing 'no'?" Nobody wants to be turned down especially for something as potentially pleasurable as sexual contact but asking a question means being prepared to hear what we may not want to hear. Asking for an answer and then refusing to accept it is not asking. The exact question is not as important as: am I prepared to accept the answer, whether or not it's one I want to hear? "No" is only the least of what we might hear. We may hear that she (or he) is a survivor of incest or other sexual assault. Our own intimate history together may be brought up for review and discussion. There may be some revelations, some

surprises. It's important to take all the time we need to vocalize our feelings and questions when we are feeling unsure about how clear or truthful we or our partner are being. After all, most of us don't have lots of experience in this sort of frank and honest exchange of feelings.

The question and answer is the first step in a trust-building exchange. It has to be allowed all the time necessary to be as sure as we can that we are both clear and OK with what is happening. Sometimes the exchange will take far longer than we might imagine or desire, particularly if we are used to no or very little verbal exchange around consent, or if there is a prior history of unsafe experiences (e.g., unwanted touches, groping, forcing, etc.) between us.

We hear many men complain or worry about getting "mixed messages." Aside from a statement that patently and absurdly contradicts itself, like "Touch me, don't touch me," the claim of a mixed message is an excuse, an after-the-fact justification. **Regardless of how we interpret or want to read our partner's physical movement or expression, direct explicit language is the only sure way to ascertain our partner's intent and meaning.** If we are uncertain for any reason about the answer we've received, there's plenty of time to check it out with another exchange. We might ask, "Are you sure?" or "Did you mean that...." The less sure we are of what's been agreed to, or are disbelieving of the answer, the higher the risk of assaulting and the more responsibility we have to ourselves to establish verbal consent to sexual contact. There's a legal implication, too. In the William Kennedy

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Smith case, for example, the more the defense team tried to establish Patricia Bowman's instability/insanity, the more they proved his guilt. Smith called her "a real nut." According to the New York Times, "...at other times, (Smith) said, the woman was erratic, hysterical and irrational." If she were those things, then legally she couldn't consent to his supposedly "innocent" advances.

Of course, absolute safety cannot be guaranteed. As in all interactions between people, there is no 100% guarantee of mutual understanding. The process of establishing consent is not a fixed legal contract that can obligate the parties to "consent" to their own assault (see "Warning on 'Dating Contracts'" in Issue # 20), and the idea of taking lawyers to bed with us (as witnesses?) is really a perversion.

There's going to be some resistance to asking, even for those who want to try. It's new and can feel awkward at first, so practicing and becoming comfortable with asking is critical. The process seemed so mysterious to us when we began that we found it useful to start with general questions, such as "How do you feel about this?", "How are we doing?", and "Is everything OK?" **These kinds of gentle "check-in" questions allow us to open the process of consent with our partner without feeling so foolish or weird that the purpose is lost.** We also adopted a slower pace, so a mistake or confusion has less chance of becoming a severe violation or assault.

Since the principle underlying this process is the sharing of power, we sought out the "littler" moments when we could check-in and negotiate a consensual moment together. We ask about

holding hands or exchanging hugs: "I'd like to hold hands. How would you feel if we did that?" We are not only holding hands; we are agreeing to, wanting to, even looking forward to holding each other's hand and we're telling each other so. Depending on the answer, the experience is being entered into consensually, and more than that, with desire. If she says "no," we've gotten some information that has helped us to avoid unwanted touch and suggests, in case we had it in mind, that she's probably not interested in intercourse (!) at that moment. Think that you know that she/he absolutely wants to hold hands? Then what's the harm in asking?

One way to begin is to ask a question about the question, "one step removed" from the actual move. We are asking about asking, finding out how receptive our partner is to hearing something we want to ask. "Would you be interested in hearing something about the way I feel about you?" "How would you feel about kissing?" instead of saying "I want to kiss you" or kissing without checking it out first. If the answer is "no," it is the opening that has been rejected not me or my opinion. I have not made myself prematurely vulnerable again. The rejection was about "asking about," not a rejection of my feeling or idea. I am protecting myself when I ask first about whether my partner wants to even hear what I've got to say or how I feel, rather than shoving right in with it without asking.

Cultural Blocks to Consent

There's lots of discussion nowadays among the mythopoetic folk about initiation. It's the foundation upon which Bly and other male essentialists and apologists build their edifice of anger-driven reaction. We are poorly initiated they insist. To us it's not that we have been poorly initiated, but that we've been initiated too well though certainly not the way we might be by some wise, caring, gentle, humorous father. We have grown up to be the men that patriarchy needs and forces us to be "real men,"

angry at and frightened of women, other men and ourselves inflicting rape and other violence on them; cannon fodder in war and compulsive consumers of worthless products, unquestioningly remaining within oppressive gender, racial and economic systems. Oh, we are brilliantly, coldly efficiently initiated! We are initiated by our fathers and brothers with the same scarring, humiliating rites that they experienced. We are calling for men to examine how each of us becoming a man can hurt all of us, and refuse to rape.

Maybe millions of rapes have soured the possibility for an idealized non-verbal, intuitive, interaction with a generous, sensitive partner. Maybe that model of romance has always been a pornographic myth. Using pornography is one of our stickier rites (rights) of passage. It helps keep us on the Masculine, Straight-acting Path. A potential partner is reduced to something to ejaculate into. The sex language men use I poked her, stuck it to her, ripped off a piece of ass mirrors pornography's purposeful blurring of sex and violence. Men are also bilingual when it comes to sex talk: we use one set of words to talk to men, and a second cleaned-up, insincere version that we use with women. Is honest communication possible with this kind of split? Pornography and locker room double-talk may teach us that rape is sex, but the process of consent we're talking about here makes possible a sex that is not rape.

Consider also the insidiousness of the "double standard" for women that we've been taught and that's encoded in our English. What are the positive words for a sexually active woman? There aren't any in popular usage, though we hear some fascinating attempts liberated (!), mother (?), generous (!). Contrast this with the dozens of supposedly positive words for a sexually active man: stud, stallion, player, womanizer, pile driver, lady's man, Don Juan, Romeo, Casanova, pimp, etc. There are over a thousand negative

words for a sexually active woman. We say we crave a partner who initiates sex, yet we have no positive words or images to express the reality of a fully embodied, complex active partner! What sort of joyous, spontaneous, self-defined sexual expression does this forced invisibility allow women? We have chosen to settle for far less in our language and our conceptions, and to this degree we are constantly recreating a rape culture inside our heads.

Eroticizing Consent

Can we be turned on by sex that is not violation? Is sex inevitably violent? Can power-with (instead of pornographic power-over) be erotic? We will not be able to break the addiction to aggressive, violating sexual behavior unless the new feelings of power-with are felt to carry the same sort of sexual rush and pleasure.

Talking to each other can be hot, especially for those for whom emotional trust intensifies the expression of our passion. And for many of us, feeling safe and more in control of our choices in our intimate sexual play can be a real turn-on. The situation is full of possibility. It can be an extraordinary emotional/sexual rush to open to each other in ways that we did not dream of doing before. The conversations of consent open the door to this kind of information and feeling exchange.

The erotic charge of our interactions also may intensify. Nothing is forbidden because nothing is forced. Within the "safer space" we create as part of the consent-exchange between us, we have abundant time to check things out. Being together in close, intimate, verbal even humorous pre-sexual ways can intensify the erotic charge between us. Checking-in often with each other becomes one of the intimate things we like to do together, and it may be one of the things we do real well together. By opening this space we also open a new place in which to play together with lowered risk of violation. "No" is hard to hear. But what about a heartfelt "Yes!"

Or maybe "more" or "now!" Maybe "harder" or "faster" or any other expressions that we may have longed to hear in our fantasies and dreams of desire. What would it be like to create a space where a partner can speak their wishes, express what feels good, and tells us how to help pleasure them. Here is communication in a safer space that can be trusted and played with. "Kiss me this way," "Touch me here" this is information that can bring us closer in sexual intimacy, without assault.

And what about romance? Can consent be romantic and safe? Can safety be romantic? Some men and women have said, "The uncertainty, the ambivalence, the hunt, is exciting, even romantic." Ironically this is how many men defend what they've been doing as if their planned scenario, which too often results in assault, were genuinely "spontaneous and romantic." We need to jettison romantic as it has been practiced, replete with abuse, confusion, no one getting what they want.

Let's reinvent a romance that is safer to play with than false images and silence. When we experience what consent feels like-some deep and abiding body sensation of openness and safety we may feel a body warning when it is not present. Its absence can be felt and we can do what we have to restore that sense of comfort and minimize our risk of raping. We may start to feel adventure and excitement in this feeling of comfort. We may find it "sexy" and "romantic."

When young men plaintively ask, "Isn't there some way, other than asking, to find out if she wants sex?", they're saying that communication sounds like a crazy idea and a losing proposition.

Well, consent sounds crazy because it hasn't been tried. And the real losing proposition is the way that men have done it for the last 5000 years.

And what might we gain? Deeper, more trustable relationships based on intimacy without assault, a new

way of being together.

Originally printed in Changing Men # 25, Winter/Spring 1993, pp. 28-32 Reprinted in Transforming A Rape Culture, Milkweed Editions, 1993, pp. 87-99

Joe Weinberg is a rape-prevention educator, speaking, training and presenting workshops at universities, high schools, conferences, businesses and prisons internationally. Committed, visionary and engaging are some of the words used to describe his presentations. His combination of empathy, honesty, humor and skill in educating about rape, racism, masculinity and homophobia contribute to a nonthreatening, interactive environment that "joyously empowers radical change." He is past-president of Men Stopping Rape-Madison, a mask maker-collector. "Bring me the Senate Judiciary Committee, professional athletes, the Navy, the Air Force...and all males on campus students, faculty, administrators, coaches and trustees. All men are affected by rape. All men need education about rape." Michael Biernbaum (1943-1995) was Board Chair of Protective Behaviors, Inc. (USA), a co-founder of Men Stopping Rape, The Madison Men's Center and Changing Men: Issues in Gender, Sex and Politics, an international pro-feminist journal. His great mind and gentle soul are missed.

If you would like to talk to a female or male counselor advocate about sexual assault, sexual harassment, relationship abuse or any other related issues CAs can be reached 24 hours a day. Call x5424 to have a CA paged or call x5756 if you want to leave a message. Counselor Advocates are not just available for crisis intervention, CAs also provide information and advocacy for all students.



Paradox is My Middle Name

by Christine Fernsebner Eslao

Before I precede with the music reviews that you await with bated breath, I present a list of reasonable demands:

1. Pay my cleaning bill. There is a pink lipstick smudge on the right cuff of my white Girl Scouts of America blouse, thanks to the fine graffiti in the ladies' room by our Campus [Porn] Store. My sleeve accidentally came in contact with a kiss-shaped imprint on the wall, over which the vandal had scrawled in pen, "I JUST SUCKED DICK IN THE LIBRARY PARKING LOT." **There is cocksucking lipstick on my Girl Scout shirt.** Someone must answer for this.

2. Soup at breakfast. I'm not the one who needs it so badly; that person is about to transfer. Can we not give him just one happy memory to cherish when far away at Cal State Monterey Bay?

3. Saint Teresa's Quake II. Since Teresa of Avila wrote her spiritual classic *The Interior Castle*, in which she described the soul as "a castle made of a single diamond ... in which there are many

rooms," it has been clear that this great Christian contemplative was a frustrated level designer for first-person shooters, hampered by the Inquisition and by the low frame rates of the 16th century. Now that technology has advanced, surely some kind and noble soul could realize her deferred dream, carefully laid out in such passages as: "think of [the outermost mansions] as comprising not just a few rooms, but a very large number. There are many ways in which souls enter them, always with good intentions; but as the devil's intentions are always very bad, he has many legions of evil spirits in each room to prevent souls from passing from one to another..." and "Think of a palmito, which has many outer rinds surrounding the savoury part

anything your heathen level designers have produced. As for the central chamber upon which she places such importance—"in the centre and midst of [all the mansions] is the chiefest mansion where the most secret things pass between God and the soul," "let us call this a second Heaven"—in this place where the soul achieves a mystical "marriage" with Christ, one could substitute something comparably desirable, a symbol for the power of Christ's love, namely, Quad Damage.

4. Stop playing Bis. You know who you are.

See to it that these four simple requests are fulfilled, then continue to the sensible musical advice below.

the Warren Commission, Rendezvous With You.

I was raised to believe that "emo" was nothing other than skinny white boys with guitars yelling about their bleak suburban unhappiness.



Divine Chaos: so manly that even the drummer has a guitar

within, all of which must be taken away before the centre can be eaten. Just so around this central room are many more, as there also are above it." Such intricately, non-linear and visually-stunning spaces will put to shame

I'd been warned that the Warren Commission is "emo," but they're not quite what I'd been taught to expect from that genre. Their songs have titles like "Jinx! You Owe Me A Coke" and incorporate occasional triangle and beatbox. Their two

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Pass Me Some Sugar, Please

by Jennifer Jymm Gifford

I am convinced that someone has been slipping me speed. Other wise, I would not be alive to tell you this tale. Seven cups of coffee a day does not help you stay up for a week straight without crashing. Maybe someone has been putting it in my Jolt Cola when I'm not looking. Maybe it's a conspiracy. I mean, I never would have guessed if Peter Kalloch hadn't asked me if I was on speed. That's what he said, he said, "Are you on speed?" And I took a gulp of my espresso and said, "Of course not!" But that got me thinkin'. Is there a secret plot to destroy me? An unknown enemy? A friend gone to the dark side? The possibilities are endless.

And it makes sense. The less I sleep, the more I don't feel like I could keep going forever! In fact, one of these days I'm going to start power walking and I'll just keep walkin', right to Alaska. With a few stops at Starbucks along the way. And that's exactly what this un-

known conspirator wants. You see, in Alaska, there are seals. And Eskimos. And snow. Lots of it. But most importantly, there's gold. This person must know that once I got to Alaska, I'd buy myself a pick and go at it. I'd dig for gold, of course. And I'd be drinking plenty of cappuccinos to keep me warm in all that snow. He or she would have gotten a job at the cappuccino hut so as to keep slipping me drugs. Oh, I have it all figured out. **That reminds me, I need some ginseng tea. And a Hershey Bar. Yum.**

Alright, so after I'd dug enough gold, as my crafty drug supplier knows, I'd go right to work building a statue in tribute to Regis Philbin. It only make sense —what the hell else would I do with all that gold? Of course, none of this would take very long because I'd be working day and night at super speed. The statue would be exactly according

Life; The Universe, and Everything

to Mr. Drug Supplier's plan. He or she knows that I would build a giant money symbol with "Is that your final answer?" etched in the base. At which point, my heart would explode and I would collapse dead in the snow. All exactly according to the evil plot.

But I am not a stupid woman. I am on to your plan, and I can stop it now. From now on I will drink my coffee from cups with lids that have combination locks. So take that.

If you love Regis so much, you can build your own statue. So now all that remains is to discover your secret identity. Could it be a friend? No, all my friends do is smoke pot if they do anything. A secret enemy? No, everyone loves me. I'm wonderful. Space aliens? Hmm... interesting, but I think that no other species would love Regis. Maybe... maybe it's me! Oh boy—you can't trust anyone these days! I'll have to keep a closer eye on myself from now on. **O** That reminds me, I'm out of coke. **O**

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singers, one male and one female, can both sing, and are both cute as buttons. If you have a chance to see them perform, do so, if you can cope with shows (like the one I recently witnessed at Smith) in little rooms packed full of scenester kids bragging about their 7-inches getting the all-important *Heartattack* review and despairing that their moms don't want to buy them a pair of the currently-fashionable "nerd glasses" with the thick black frames.

Cat Power, *The Covers Record*.

I don't know anything about Cat Power (except that her

real name is something less exotic) nor do I know anything about the songwriters whose work she interprets on this album (except Lou Reed). So I don't know whether the monotonous sparseness and moodiness is inherent in the songs or the singer. Whichever it is, the results are surprisingly enjoyable: imagine someone with Beth Orton's voice, but better, locked in a dimly-lit room with nothing but a piano and an acoustic guitar and the memory of songs by the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, the Velvet Underground, Nina Simone, Smog, and a bunch of other people whose names don't even register with me, plus a couple traditional folk songs.

Divine Chaos, *self-titled*.

Well, just look at them. Sexy, huh? Good news for all you who thought you couldn't write songs because you thought you needed "lyrics" — no, all you need is a few clever rhymes that get across the idea that you're naughty ("virgin child / so defiled") and decadent catch-phrase, which will also serve as the song's title, to repeat until the fade-out. "Sex City" repeats its title no less than 29 times in under three minutes; "Superstar" does the same 24 times ("superstar, superstar, yeah I'm gonna be your superstar"). **O**

Because
I leave
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Stupid,
drunk
conversations
don't
get
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wrong-
they're
great
...
but
every
night
people
?

10 Things to do Instead of Drink

10. Sing Prince songs
real LOUD

9. Spy on your
dentist.

5. Pretend
you're
drinking
and laughing
at some
thing that's
not really
funny
(vomiting
optional)

4. Write a
letter to
someone you love + tell
them how rad they are
(Hampshire College, Box 1124)

#1 1. OD HTE MBLJUE

NO EHT OTTEIL

By: Lee Van Scovy (that's always fun)

8. Smoke pot

7. admit you
pick your
nose.

6. Go
DISCO
Bowling

3. staple
some

2. Take
a nap.

